PRICE FIVE CENTS.

VOL. XIII.—NO. 32.

BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1885.

IN PEACE.

General Grant's Ashes

Resting in Riverside Park.

Lowly Alike

flonor the Nation's Steadfast Guardian.

Thousands of His Old Companions on the Field

Follow the Remains of Their Chief,

And Thousands That He Lived for Look Reverently On.

The Gay Metropolis Dressed in the Garb of Woe.

The President and Cabinet, the Senators.

And the Generals of the War All in Line.

Bayonets Used Once on the Surging Crowd.

The last journey of General Grant began on Tuesday, when the little cottage on Mount McGregor, in which the great soldier breathed his last, became the scene of the private service over the remains, in which the family and immediate friends participated. Rev. Dr. Newman, General Grant's pastor, delivered a touching and eloquent eulogy, and the family took a last look on the features of their loved one. Then the body of the Union general became the property of the nation, and was taken in charge by General Hancock for the formal ceremonies of transfer to New York, the details of which will be found following.

THROUGH SARATOGA.

The Gay Town All in Mourning for the

Death of the Great Leader. SARATOGA, N. Y., August 4.-All night long the rain fell as if, under cover of the night, the heavens were paying their tribute of sorrow to the dead. morning dawned cloudy, but the sun shone about 9 o'clock, a west wind sprang up, and the day gave promise of being clear. The services at the Drexel cottage on the mountain were most impressive. The body was exposed for several hours, and all had an opportunity to take a farewell look at the face of the dead gen-For the religious services the piazza was filled with clergymen and favored friends. General Hancock and staff occupied

Solemn Pageantry and Sorrowing

ing from Saratoga to Albany this afternoon stood a member of the G. A. R. The train road consisted of nine cars. It ran along slowly until the outskirts of Saratoga were reached. Then it increased its speed to fifteen miles an hour. At Ballston a large assemblage stood uncovered as the train dashed by. A few minutes and the long platform of Round Lake station was in sight, occupied The High and the a crowd of 600 were in mourning attire at the depot. West Waterford had its sympathy, but it was Cohoes that showed the greater assemblage of any place. For half a mile before the station was reached, stretching another half mile away from the town, a mass of people, five or six deep, was packed. At West Troy salutes were fired.
At 3.40, the schedule time, the train

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General James M. Warner, commanding, and staff.
The military order Loval Legion, G. A. R.
Veterans of the late war and Sons of Veterans.
THIRD DIVISION.

Major W. W. Braman. commanding, and staff.
Civic societies, escorted by the Albany Jackson Corps.

Second Division.

The military order Loval Legion, G. A. R.
Veterans of the late war and Sons of Veterans.

Before reaching Garrison's, opposite West Point, where General Grant received his military education, it had been arranged

Crowds of People at Every Station to

Witness the Funeral Train. NEW YORK, August 5.-To the measur cisely 12.30. The bell of the engine was not rung, nor was the whistle sounded. Silently the train sped on its way to New York. Business along the

Armed and uniformed military organizations, comprising the escort.

Funeral car. flanked by United States troops and a delegation of U. S. Grant Post.

Mourners in carriages.

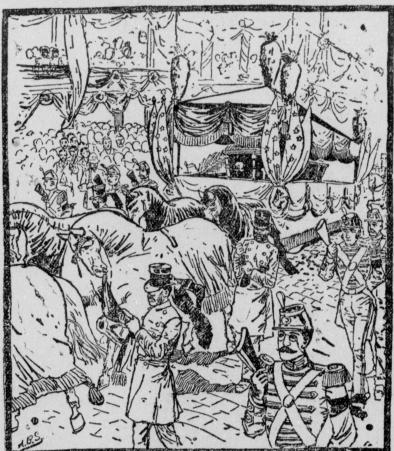
Governor David B. Hill and staff.

The Mayor, Common Council and city officers in carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-General James M. Warner, commands.

Brigadier-General James M. Warner, commands.



THE FUNERAL CAR IN THE PROCESSION.

then a slight decrease was perceptible. lin and Homer uncovered as the train Seven thousand people passed quickly by passed them. Upon the Seven thousand people passed quickly by between 8 and 9.
At 9.20 p. m. Colonel Grant and his two brothers, escorted by Governor Hill, entered the Capitol by the private entrance. The inside doors were closed for a moment to permit the brothers to look upon the dead. An expression of pain passed over the colonel's face. They looked but a moment and then hurried away.

LYING IN STATE AT ALBANY. of the storm shut in on the train in a perfect deluge. This storm

which was rich and sweet as a church anthem. Back of the military group was a

crowd of young ladies in white.

This picture at Garrison's was lost in a moment, and then the gray advancing wall moment and then horried away.

LYING IN STATE AT ALBANY.

LYING IN STATE AT

the academy band playing a dirge

the City Hall.

The scene when the funeral car rumbled slowly into Fifth avenue has never been paralleled in this city. Looking south from the roof of a tall house on the corner of Forty-fourth street the avenue itself could not be seen by reason of the multitude. It was a great canyon, overflowing for miles with a closely backed, eager stream of spectators.

It was 7.15 o'clock when the black

At 5.30 the funeral car was drawn by twelve black horses to Fifth avenue.

Second Battery, N. G. S. N. Y. mounted without guns.

General Ward and staff, commanding First Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y. Colonel Porter.

Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and band.
Colonel Seward.
Ninth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and band.
Colonel Seward.
Eleventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and band.
Carriage containing Rev. Dr. Newman, Dr. Douglas and General Horace Porter.
Funeral car containing the body of General Grant.
Guard composed of members of U. S. Crant Post.
Carriage containing Senate and legislative committees.

Committee of 100 citizens in carriages.
Post No. 327, U. A. R.
General Fitzpatrick and staff, commanding Second Bridade, N. G. S. N. Y.

ond Briddae, N. G. S. N. Y.
Colonel Clark.
Seventh Regiment and band.
Colonel Cavanagh.
Sixty-ninth Regiment and band.
Colonel Scott.
Eighth Regiment and band.
File of policemen.

The line of the procession was as follows: Fifth avenue to Waverly place, to Broadway and down Broadway to he City Hall.

site the entrance to the hall on the walk. A company of regular infantry formed on the plaza and the City Hall steps. Behind them was a line of regular artillery. The carriages next arrived, and then came the hearse. The casket was perched high up on the catafalque. A step-ladder apparatus was obtained and placed in position at the rear of the hearse. The Grand Army men with solemn thread made their way to the casket, and while the band played a dirge and the bugiers, stationed on the steps of the hall.

Sent Forth Mournful Blasts.

THEIR LAST LOOK. Thousands of New York's Citizens File Slowly, Reverently Past the Bier and Gaze Upon the Chieftain in His

morning, the hour fixed for admitting the public to City Hall, the inspec-

It is said late in the afternoon the point of the formation of the line was extended from Centre street along Chambers until it reached Broadway, and thence it was joined by a throng until it extended along the east side of the street as far as Worth street. From this point it required an hour to reach the casket, and it was computed that 60,000 people were in line.

Tomb.

rades March with Him to the Silent

NEW YORK, August 8 .- The still air of he tomb-like corridors of City Hall were physician who had borne such an important heavy with the perfume of withering flowers near the dead this morning. A huge piece, "The Gates Ajar," had a place at the head of the casket, and the sweet smell of the lilies was borne down to those who the lilies was borne down to those who the lilies was borne down to those who was also and was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was borne down to those who was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was borne down to the color was borne and was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was borne down to the color was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to those who was the lilies was borne down to the case was the lilies was borne down to the was the lilies was the lilies was borne down to the was the lilies w

seen by reason of the multitude. It was a great canyon, overflowing for miles with a closely backed, eager stream of spectators.

It was 7.15 o'clock when the black horses before the funeral carstopped and the great sombre bier halted, amid directly before the City Hall. Not an inch of pavement could be seen on any side, and a countless multitude swarmed over the grass. Commander H. M. Colbert of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, posted a guard of thirteen in the vestibule of the City Hall. Shortly before 5 o'clock.

At 7.55 the sound of a funeral march reached the ears of the persons assembled in and around the City Hall. The Twenty-second Regiment followed General Hancock and his staff, headed by the band. The companies marched with arms reversed. They wore white coats, but the band. The companies marched with arms reversed. They wore white coats, but the length of the dead march were deployed to the rear. The strains of the dead march were again heard, and presently femeral Shaler, with a brilliant staff, came in view. General Shaler stationed himself directly opposite the entrance to the hall on the walk. A commany of regular infantry formed on the plaza and the City Hall steps. Behind the rest were deployed to the rear. The strains of the dead march were again heard, and presently femeral shaler stationed himself directly opposite the entrance to the hall on the walk. A commany of regular infantry formed on the plaza and the City Hall steps. Behind the rest were deployed to the rear. The strains of the dead march were again heard, and presently femeral shaler stationed himself directly opposite the entrance to the hall on the walk. A commany of regular infantry formed on the plaza and the City Hall steps. Behind the strains of the content of the content of the casket, and the sweet smeld of the ceast ket, and the weet smelded watched. Great horseshoes of the stod and watched. Great horseshoes of the stod and watched. Great horseshoes of the lead of the casket, and the weet smelded their first carriage. The clittl

The little one's offering being finished, they had taken it to Colonel Grant, whose eyes dimmed when his daughter said: "Papa, Josie and I have made this for gran'pa, and please won't you give it to him?"

direct music crept out on the morning air. At first distant, they grew nearer and nearer.

Subrise was Near.

The strains of music, slow and sad, grew more distinct. Then blue-coated veterans of Meade Post of Philadelphia, 500 strong, came tramping to the direct music of the trumpets. The east was suffused with tints of orange, and dawn was near, the dawn of the funeral day. The veterans entered the plaza and marched past, while muffled drums timed their footsteps. A heavy gun boomed out toward the sea. The chimes of of IT inity pealed mournfully, and the sound of muffled drums grew fainter and died out. It was sunrise; the day was born.

At 8.50 General Hancock and his staff marched down from Broadway and presented front to the City Hall, and then moved to the end of the plaza on Broadway, where they rested. At this time 100 members of the Liederkranz filed up to the steps of City Hall and, led by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tamiland, head by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the At 8.50 General Hancock and his staff marched down from Broadway and presented front to the City Hall, and then moved to the end of the plaza on Broadway, where they rested. At this time 100 members of the Liederkranz filed up to the steps of City Hall and, led by four instruments, sang with impressive effect the chorus of the "Spirits from Over the Water," Schubert, and "Chorus of the Pilgrims," Tannhauser. The guard of regulars filed into the open space at 9 o'clock—Company A, Fifth Artillery, under Colonel Breck, and Company E, Twelfth Infantry, under Major Brown. The companies and guard of regulars were under command of Colonel Breck. The regulars took position beneath the trees opposite the City Hall and stood at rest. Then came the original guard of honor that was on duty at Mt. McGregor. Filing into the corridors of the City Hall, these took their places beside the remains, being under command of Johu H. Johnson, senior vice-commander of the Grant Post of Brooklyn. The men as they stood were as follows: Left of the casket-Comrades

The veterans retired down the steps. The

tended and the channel reached beyond the fountain circles and bent around into Park row. The people observed the situation and joined the procession near the register's office. From that point the line was solid along Park row around the fountain and across the park to the steps.

As the afternoon wore on the line gradually extended, and one could almost imagine that as the people passed out of the rear door of the City Hall they joined the line once more, and thus kept up a continuous circuit.

It is said late in the afternoon the point of the formation of the line was extended from Centre street along Chambers until it reached Broadway, and thence it was joined by a throng until it extended along the east side of the street as far as Worth street. From

Streamed Across the Plaza without hindrance. The last scene there was ended.

the exception of Mrs. Grant, decided to await the arrival of the funeral procession Thousands of General Grant's Old Comstaying. Dr. Douglas joined them at the affected during the meeting, and sobbee

The colonel placed it on the casket; then it rested there in Albany, and it still remains as the children's offering.

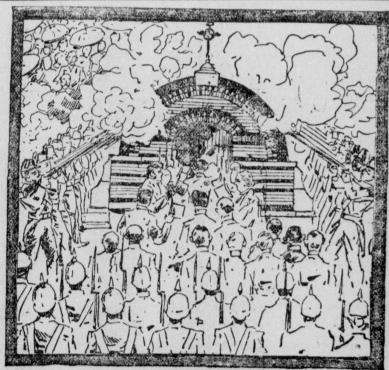
The gray of the morning had deepened to red. Daylight was near. The strains of dirge music crept out on the morning air. At first distant, they grew nearer and pearer.

"Now, Gentlemen, the Bayonet." The catafalque loomed solemn above the hushed crowd which lined the streets, the

honored dead at this stage of the route than when the lines were formed at the City Hall. It was here that chiefly the humbler classes of society formed the human barrier on

The chaplain will invoke the divine bless

Then Bishop Harris came forward, and while a gentleman standing near shielded



THE SALUTE AT THE TOMB.

Drawn Up in a Long Line

on the westerly drive. Below them was a of sixteen-pound blank cartridges or battery of light artillery, whose pieces were a minute. "The procession today trained and pointed toward the New Jersey was the grandest sight I ever shore. The heavily-laden funeral car was Arrival of the Catafalque.

At 11.05 General Hancock reached the head of the column, which was then at Twenty-third street and Broadway. Riding along the whole line of formation from of his brilliantly uniformed staff, he was the cynosure of all eyes. He rode with easy grace, and, as the people caught sight of the commanding figure of fettysburg, they were inspired with expressions of admiration which were only partly suppressed by the solemn character of the occasion. On arriving at the head of the column the general issued an order to march, and the mournful cortege began to move, wending its way stowly up Broadway to the solemn make of the bands, en route to Riverside City fark.

So sluggishly did the procession move, that the funeral car did not reach Twenty-third street until 1 o clock, and President Hervening trees came into view and shortly drew up third street until 1 o clock, and President fleveland, having become tired of waiting, left his open carriage and returned to his hotel, accompanied by Secretary Bayard. Vice-President Hendricks followed their rooms, where they were soon surrounded by a crowd of friends, At 12.30 p. m. Prisident Cleveland the New Jersey was necessarily short two more than the nead of the column reached the New Jersey was necessarily along the two more than the mourns that the sure at great developed was quiet and sedate. We are a great depoil of the companies of the Sewuth flow that two more than the companies of the Sewuth and reverently uncovering their heads, passed through the narrow temporary home of the loved dead. While they and others in the procession state of the ead hero. From the align heavily on the ear.

At precisely 3.35 o'clock the sast trains of the companies of the sewuth and section which were only partition which were only partition which were only pa

The Funeral Car, preceded by the band and surrounded by the members of George G. Meade Post of Philadelphia, of which the dead general was a member. Behind them and coming slowly down between the ranks of soldiers at a present arms were the family and mourners. Among them were President Cleveland, Vice-Presi-

dent Hendricks, ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, Senator John Sherman and other notables. When the car had reached its place be-

north. Then came the Twenty-second and Seventh regiments, who were until the funeral ceremonies were over the ships of the squadron.

Half-Hour Guns, Minute Guns and Thirty-Eight Guns.

The day was very generally and very decorously observed throughout the city, and if it were not for the sight of an occasional street vender and the continued booming of cannon on the Common, it would have seemed much like an ordinary summer dress and black silk hat, together with his military secretary, Colonel L. W. Gillett. Seventeen staff officers, mounted, followed. Governor Hill was the only governor who was

Attended by a Mounted Staff.

When the escort had passed the Windsor Hotel at Forty-seventh street there was a break of at least three-fourths of an hour. The crowds had awaited the catafalque and the funeral car, but it did not come. The wildest rumors prevailed. It was said that the crowd had become so great and suppose the colonel Grant with his wife.

Haves, Senator John Sherman and other notables. When the carbed its place before the door of the tomb, the Governor's listended on the knoll to the north, started to play, and all down the ranks muffled drums beat as a said tattoo. When the steps prepared for the purpose were placed and the funeral car, but it did not come. The wildest rumors prevailed. It was said that the carbed its place before the door of the tomb, the Governor's listended on the knoll to the north, started to play, and all down the ranks muffled drums beat as attoo. When the steps prepared for the purpose were placed at the back of the car the veterans of Meade Post who were chosen as pall-bearers mounted to it, and under command of an officer below bore the casket to the cedar box on the casket to the cedar box on the casket to the cedar box. Taken and other motables.

Sunday. Nature never smiled more sweetly. A cloudless sky and gentle easterly breeze made it as propitious a day for that mourn-tal down the sact on the knoll to the north, started to play, and all down the ranks muffled drums beat as a said tattoo. When the steps prepared for the purpose were placed at the veterans of the easterly breeze made it as propitious a day for that mourn-tal down and the first mount of the knoll to the north at the back of the car had on the knoll to the north at the case of the tomor. The first mount of the steps prepared for the purpose were placed to the steps prepared for the purpose were placed to the purpose were Sunday. Nature never smiled more sweetly.

Wheat	5.5	Pea straw10.
Wheat straw		Beans12.
(winter)	4.9	Bean straw25.
Wheat straw		Potatoes 5.
(spring)		Potato vines_
Barley	4.8	(green) 7.
Barley straw		Beet-root sugar 4.
Oats		Beet tops 4.
Oat straw	9.7	Hemp (whole
Rve	5.4	plant) 5.
Rve straw (win-		Linseed (whole
ter)	7.6	plant
Rye straw(spring)]	1.1	Clover hay19.
Corn	3.3	Clover hay
Corn fodder and		(white)10.0
stalk1	6.6	Meadow hay17.
Pense	9.3	
By the above to	ble	a singular fact is ob

The Witten Colors

The Witten Co

BILL NYE

Relics,

And Makes a Study of Horse Car Mysteries.

He Encounters a Bewitching Young Lady

And is Sat Upon by a Prize Fat Woman.

A Serpentine Journey Finished in a

There is an institution in Boston which the Pilgrim Fathers did not originate. That is the street car. There is a street-car parade all day on Washington street, and red-light procession most of the night. People told me that I could get into a car and go anywhere I wanted to. I tried it. There was a point in Boston, I learned,

where there were some more relics that I hadn't seen. Parties told me where I could find some more frag-ments of the Mayflower, and an old chair in which Josiah Quincy had sat down to think. There were also a few more low price flint-lock guns and tomahawks that no man who visited Boston could afford to miss. Besides, there was said to be the lock that used to be on the door of a room in which General Washington had a good notion to write his farewell address. All these things were in the collection which I started out to find, and there were others

For instance, there was a specimen of the dightning that Franklin caught in his demijohn out of the sky, and still in a good state of preservation; also some more clothes in which he was baptized, more swords of Bunker Hill, and a little shirt which John Hancock put on as soon as he was born. Hancock was a perfect gentleman from his birth, and it is said that the first thing he did was to excuse himself for a moment and then put on this shirt. His manners were certainly very agreeable,

and he was very much polished. I heard, too, that there was an acorn from the tree in which Benedict Arnold had his nest while he was hatching treason. I did not believe it, but I had an idea I could readily discover the fraud if I could only see the acorn, for I am a great historian and researcher from away back. I was told that in this collection there was a suspender Button shed by Patrick Henry during his memorable speech in which he raised up to his full height on his hind feet and permitted the war to come in italics, also in SMALL CAPS and in LARGE CAPS!!! with three

astonishers on the end.
So I wanted to find this place, and as I had plenty of means I decided to ride in a



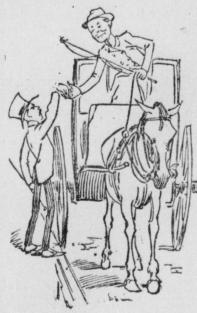
MR. NYE HAILS A CAR.

street car. Therefore, I aimed my panic car with a blue stomach, and remarked, "Hi, there!" Before I go any further, and in order to avoid ambiguity, let me say that it was the car that had the blue stomach. He (the driver) twisted the brake and I went inside, clear to the further end and sat down by the side of a young woman, who filled the whole car with sunshine. I was so happy that I gave the conductor half a dollar and told him to keep the change. If by chance she sees this I hope she still remembers me. Pretty soon a very fat woman came into the car and aimed for our quarter. She evidently intended to squat between this fair girl and myself. But ah, thought I to myself in a low tone of voice, I will fool



Dear reader, if I were to tell you that the crystal of my watch was picked out from der my shoulder blades the next day, you would not believe it, would you?

ductor came back and wanted more money. I said no, I would get off and try a dark red car with a green stomach for a while. So I did. I rode on he passed Number Clankety Clank, blank street. He said he did not, but if I would go down two blocks further and take a maroon car with a plaid stomach it would take me to the corner of "What-do-you-call-white he was a white the passed where if it and What's-his-name streets where, if I took a seal brown car with squshed huckleberry trimmings it would take me to where I wanted to go. So I tried it. I do not know just where I missed my train, but when I found the seal brown car The Work Table—A Housewife with scrunched huckleberry trimmings it was going the other way, and as it was late When I came out I discovered that it was too late to see the collection even if I could



hailed one of those sawed-off landaus, consisting of two wheels, one door behind, and a bill for two bits. I told the college graduate on the box where I wanted to go, gave him a quarter and got I sat down and heaved a chaste sigh. The sigh was only half hove when the herdic backed up to my destination, which was about 300 feet from where I got in, as the crow flies. When I go to Boston again, I am going

n charge of the police. The street railway system of Boston is remarkably perfect. Fifty cars pass a given point on Washington street in an hour, and yet there are no blockades. You can take one of those cars, if you are a stranger, and you can get so mixed up that you will never get back, and all for head five cents. I felt a good deal like the them man who was full and who stepped on a



med, and yelloof out. Some fore, contempts of the contempts of the trouble is to walk where I'm lookint."

**Betcher Heift, "says the inerbridate, "but the trouble is to walk where I'm lookint."

MORRIBLE BRUTALITY.

**Seventy-free N-greens Drunk on Stoles Whithey State a Saloon Keeper and Whithey State and Saloon Keeper and Whithey State and Whithey Sta

of inch-wide satin ribbon of any color pre-"What kind of a man is he? Good, bad or and was very pretty indeed. Cut four pieces of varying lengths, the shortest about a third of a yard in length, the three others longer, but all different. To the ends of these are attached, in chattelaine fachious the various areal, articles are attached, and three children. The storm was accompanied by but little rain.

Killed by a Bursting Cider Bottle.

FINDLAY, O., August 10.—Last evening, as Mrs. Martha Struble, a widow 60 years and was taking a bottle of cold side of the cold state of the cold state of the cold side.

by one in breadth. Draw the pattern on paper, then cut from rather stiff cardboard two pieces just alike; cover with the plush, put a little wool wadding between, with a pinch of sachet powder in it, and sew together at the edges, over and over. Work on one side a few lines like the veinings in the netals of a violet, in darker blue or black sik, with a tiny heart of gold. The pins are put in, of course, around the edges.

Another piece of the ribbons has pendant therefrom a tiny needle book, made likecourse, around the edges.

Another piece of the ribbons has pendant therefrom a tiny needle book, made likewise of the pale bine plush, with a small leaf or two cut from a scrap of soft white flannel. The case is plain, the leaves pinked or button-holed with blue silk. To this also is fastened a tiny emery cushion, shaped like a strawberry, with seeds formed of tiny stitches in gold-colored silk, and a wee cap of blue velvet. To be sure, one seldom sees a blue strawberry with gold-colored seeds, but perhaps this was a conventionalized "decorative art" sort of a berry. If shapes of flowers, birds and beasts may be conventionalized till there remains only a faint suggestion of the original, why cannot colors be treated in the same artistic license?

Jennie June says that there is one trait or characteristic or the ordinary woman which cannot be concealed, and which is continually breaking out in her dress as well as in other ways, a characteristic which the trained and experienced woman, headquarters, wherein I could rest and where I could lock myself up in my room, so no prize fat woman could enter. I

| Jennie June says that there is one trait or characteristic or the ordinary woman which is continually breaking out in her dress as well as in other ways, a characteristic which the trained and experienced woman, especially the woman of education and refinement, has gotten rid of—and that is fussiness.

In daily life this fussiness expends itself in a vast amount of talking and unnecessary preparation and worry over every little change, event or circumstance that is at all unusual; in asking a dozen

The modern young woman considers a

were soon found to clear away the debris, and before many minutes two mangled corpses and several wounded men were taken from the ruins and placed in ambulances. The fallen wall was on Fifth street, in the rear of the American Lead Pencil Company's factory, between Clinton and Willow streets. The men were making new foundations, and the heavy blows of a pile-driver had been shaking the old wall, which was about twelve feet in height and some fifty feet long. At about 4.30 o'clock Mr. Hoffman, Superintendent of the American Lead Pencil Company, who was standing with his back to the wall, noticed that it suddenly shook violently. He cried to the workmen to warn them of their danger, and sprang away just in time to avoid being crushed. Some

the management of the county convicts, and the system is now considered good. The convicts are made to do a fuil day's labor and do it strictly according to directions, and none of them are now known to speak to people passing them on the Napoleon was insured for \$7000.

about twenty miles south of the town was struck by lightning and all the inmates killed. The inmates were John Maguire, his wife and three children. The storm was accompanied by but little rain.

I will not strain your faith in me by making the statement, but that was the heaviest woman I ever held.

While all this was going on I lost track of my location. The car began to squirm around all over Boston, and finally the con-

A HUGE BALL OF FIRE.

What Made the Delaware stone entering into its composition, some white and fillut-like, and others dark and shaly, yet all crossways the grain, susceptible of taking a high polish. Cyclone so Fatal.

Dialogue of Camden and Others.

The Tornado's Path and a List of the Dead and Wounded.

ings of the Pennsylvania Salt Works, on the Philadelphia side, going off like chaff. Then the storm struck the Major Reybold, which was partially abreast of my place. Portions of her upper works were whirled roar preceded it. The moving fury re sembled a dense mass of rolling black of the surface of the water on the river. A

What Some Experienced People Have to Say About It.

Everybody has theories as to the correct way of bringing up children, more especially those persons who have never had any. The prejudice existing in the minds of many parents against the advice of this last class of individuals seems to me to be perfectly unfounded and unwarranted. Who but they can see so clearly and with such impartiality the faults and errors in the various systems with which they are brought in contact? And if they have only ordinary intelligence, they should be able to recognize the difficulties of the case. And yet the scoffing proverb is still extant, that "Old maids' children are the best brought up."

Below, however, are words of wisdom culled from various writers of experience upon this ever-fruitful topic—the cream, in fact, skinmed carefully from various pans:

A child needs disciplining when in ill health as well as in good. Some people imagine that a child cannot be petted and indulged too much when in delicate health, but it is a mistake. Ye mothers, I beg of the content of the correct way of bringing upon this ever-inverted the correct way of bringing upon this ever-inverted the correct way of bringing upon this ever-fruitful topic—the cream, in fact, skinmed carefully from various pans:

A child needs disciplining when in ill health as well as in good. Some people imagine that a child cannot be petted and indulged too much when in delicate health, but it is a mistake. Ye mothers, I beg of the correct way of bringing in the minds of the correct way of bringing upon this ever-fruitful topic—the cream, in fact, skinmed carefully from various pans:

A child needs disciplining when in ill health as well as in good. Some people imagine that a child cannot be petted and indulged too much when in delicate health, but it is a mistake. Ye mothers, I beg of the correct way of the correct way of the correct way to the correct way of the correct way of the correct way of the case.

Burled Nucle Outright and city between second and Filth st

day's Cyclone Put at \$150,000. BALTIMORE, Md., August 4.-Advices from various points throughout the State show the storm to have been the most disastrous that has ever visited this section. A cyclone swept a path 200 yards in width through Cecil county. Houses, mills and through Cecil county. Houses, mills and through Cecil county. Houses, mills and bridges were carried away. Trees were blown half a mile. A loaded freight train, with all brakes down, was run a mile along the tracks. Two men were badly mjured by being struck with flying chesting. In Hartford county, damage to chestnuts. dwellings and crops is estimated at \$10,000. Frederick City was inundated at an early hour this morning. People had to flee for their lives, and many narrow escapes from drowning are reported. Through the Middletown valley very heavy damage is reported. The loss throughout the State is roughly put at \$150,000.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 7.—The schoone

A Petrified Tree. [Ansonia Letter in New Haven Register.] The stump of a large tree has been found n the farm of a Mr. Curtiss, in Southbury, n a state of perfect petrifaction. A piece of the same is in possession of Milkman Whitney of Birmingham, about six inches long by four in diameter, weighing ten pounds. A large portion of the body of the tree seems also to have been petrified, but was broken up and built into a stone wall before its actual character was discovered. Mr. Curtiss' wall has since been nearly destroyed by specimen hunters. He has been offered a liberal sum of money for the stump, but

DEATH TAKES THE REINS.

Fatal Results of a Mad Race of Picnickers While Returning to Their Homes.

CHICAGO, August 10.-Three wagons full of people returning from a picnic came reast near the suburban town of Jeffer son late last night. A race ensued, and the horses were lashed into a run. Suddenly a drunken man in one of the wagons arose and snatched the lines from the driver. The wagon was overturned and the occupants thrown out. The driver was instantly killed, falling under one of the horses, while a baby was gled to death. Several other people were badly injured. The locality is remote from telephone connections, and the names of the victims have not yet been learned.

fully 400 feet into the air. A tremendous The Descendants of a North Reading Lady Celebrate Her 102d Birthday.

sembled a cense meas of rolling based and the contraction of the contraction when one would do in getting and carbon and commonship and commo NORTH READING, Mass., August 7.-About four months after the cessation of hostili-

which the border forms the orim.

"Hour" Correspondence.

"Hour" Correspondence.

To "M. A. U.," North Prescott, Mass.—
Your question cannot be answered in this column, as it would seem to partake of the nature of an advertisement of the firms named. We should be glad to help you, however, and if you will send your full name and address with stampor postal card to the editor of the "Hour" a personal reply will be sent gladly.

BURIED NNDER A WALL.

Bobbeca the Seene of a Terrible Accident—Two Men Killed Outright and Seeveral Wounded.

New York. August 7.—A slight vibration of falling bricks, a cloud of white dust, and a piercing shrick ofterror, notified he passessiy on Fifth street, Hoboken, his afternoon of a calamity. Willing hands ever soon found to clear ways the derise, and before many minutes two larged or many minutes two langed corpses and several wounded en were taken from the ruins and seed in make 2 to the form and corps. The core would run to her and a seed in make 2 to the date of the propose of stocking the farm and jacent to his home. Mr. Frank Crampton, a neighbor of Mr. Osborns, agreed to take are of the brids until the following spring. When the time came for distributing the brids, Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in continement, and built in his yard, near the time came for distributing the brids, Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in continement, and built in his yard, near the time came for distributing the brids, Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in continement, and built in his yard, near the time came for distributing the brids, Crampton expressed a wish to try the experiment of breeding them while in continement, and built in his yard, near the time came for distributing the bridge avenue.

Cambon Name Hour Agents of the state of the A and bridge avenue.

All the built are a state of the A and built in his yard, near the time came for distributing the bridge avenue.

Can be t

[Memphis Avalanche.

In one of the French prisons, immediately under supervision of the prefecture of police, it is, or was until recent years, a custom for the night watchman to drop chestnuts.

He Improves with Age; She Doesn't.

(Chicago Ledger.)
A boy will eat and a boy will drink,
And a boy will play ali day;
But a boy won't work and a boy won't think,
Because he an't built that way.

[Lynn Union.]

A girl will sing and a girl will dance, And a girl will work crochet; But she can't throw a stone and hita church, Because she ain't built that way. QUITMAN, Ga., August 2.—The colored people's church, just out of town, was destroyed by fire last night. The members were preparing for a big meeting, and endeavored to get rid of the fleas. They put pine needles under the church and set them on fire, thus getting rid of both church and fleas.

Why Henri Has the Blues.

Raising Grain for the Elephant. Nacon (Ga.) Telegraph.;
One of our contemporaries fears that the legislators will not get home in time to sow oats, but this alarm is wholly unnecessary. The gentlemen have arranged to sow their oats in Atlanta.

Credit to Whom Credit is Due. [Dover (N. H.) Democrat.]

Better Boil Them, Though, Anyway [Sam Jones.]

I think, to my mind, if you could catch a dozen of these little dudes and boil them down, that all the real solid substance you could get out of them wouldn't make a thimble full of calves' loot jelly, the whole thing. Yes, sir, boiled down.

"THOSE HORRID BLOTCHES,"

Pimples" are sure to disappear if you will Boils, and humors are the result of an purify your blood by the use of Ayer's impure and vitiated condition of the blood Sarsaparilla. "I was severely troubled They may be eradicated by the use of with pimples on the face; also, with a Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Robert Swain, discoloration of the skin. External treat- Houston st., New York, says: "No

ment afforded only temporary relief. alterative we possess equals Ayer's Sar-Ayer's Sar saparilla,

Thos. W. Boddy, River st., Lowell, Mass. for the treatment of scrofulous sores. Prepared by J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Two Solutions of Problem No. 13-

Chance for a Difference of Opinion.

Problem No. 13 has proved to be one of

shed in this column. Messrs. Cook and

saparilla effected a complete cure." - for the cure of cutaneous affections, and For Sale by all Druggists.

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A THE SEAS HAVE AND CENTLEMEN WHO WISH TO HAVE A SEAS HAVE A SHE WAS A SEAS HAVE A SHE WAS A SEAS HAVE A SEAS HAVE

wy4t jy28

TIMES HARD

THE WEEKLY GLOBE is the leading Democratic Weekly of the United States, and will

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TAKING A PRIZE.

thee. So I shoved my person along in the seat toward the sweet girl of the Bay State. The corpulent party, whose name I did not learn, had in the meantime backed up to where she had detected a slight vacancy, and where I had seen fit to place myself. At that moment she heaved a sigh of relief, and assisted by the motion of the car, which just then turned a corner, she sat down in my lap and nestled in my bosom like a tired baby

indifferent?" "Well, that depends a good deal on who est teeters on the other end of the plank with | in

Where He Dwindled.

THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

that till I had seen a great deal of new scenery, and then I asked the conductor if Fussy Women—How They Dress and Act.

> Wise Words on the Training of Children from Various Writers.

> > Pretty Hand Bags, Etc.

Jennie June says that there is one trait find it, for at 6 o'clock they take the relics or characteristic of the ordinary woman in and put them into the refrigerator till which cannot be concealed, and which is

> that is at all umusual; in asking a dozen questions when one would do; in getting

TRAINING CHILDREN. What Some Experienced People Have

EXPLAINING THE WHY.

man who was not full. The sober man was mad, and yelled out, "See here; condemn it, can't you look where you're walking?"

"Betcher life," says the inebriate, "but the trouble is to walk where I'm lookin."

BILL NYE.

HORRIBLE BRUTALITY.

Seventy-five Negroes Drunk on Stolen Whiskey Strip a Saloon Keeper and His Wife and Tie Them to Trees with Withes.

FANNETTSBURG, Penn., August 6.—About two weeks ago a gang of, seventy-five illlooking negroes, hailing from Maryland and Virginia, arrived here ostensibly to seek employment as laborers on the line of the new South Pennsylvania railroad which runs through this varies are looked to severe the content of the interest of the in

Singular Phenomenon Witnessed by John

PHILADELPHIA. August 4.-Mr. John Dialogue of Camden, whose works were de-

Garfield, just arrived from the Arctic ocean reports that the bark Napoleon of Edgarreports that the bark Napoleon of Edgartown was crushed in the ice in June and immediately sunk. Chief Officer Rogers,
Third Officer Thomas Pease, both of New
Bedford, and twenty-two of the crew were drowned. The vessel with the entire catch of oil is a total loss.

During the reporter's investigation of the Haverhill murder he received valuable assistance from the city marshal and his force, and the editor of the Haverhill

is far superior to the fashionable and illusive preparations of beef, wine, and iron," says Professor F. W. Hunt, M. D., honorary member Imperial Medical Society of St. Petersburg, Russia, etc., etc. Cures debility, piles, dyspepsia, biliousness.

WHIST PROBLEM, NO. 14.

H A, Q. Kn, 8.

Burning Fleas Out of a Church.

"Liebig Co.'s Coca Beef Tonic

D......A, K, Q, 9, 8, 7, 6.

H...9, 7, 6, 2

General Debility it is an acknowledged Specific Remedy. TRYIT. Price, \$1 and \$2 per bot

A wonderful remedy lately discovered, which be-bre this time the science of medicine had not de-eloped. Suffering humanity at last finds relief.

will give away 1000 self-operating washing chines. If you want one send us your name, iress, and express office at once. The National , 23 Dey st., N. Y. eow2t je28

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BY HORATIO ALGER, JR., Author of "The Store Boy," "Do and Dare," tor's Inheritance," "The Back Woods Boy," etc., etc.

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HOW TO BE A GLOBE AGENT.

In every town where there is no GLOBE agent we desire the services of a young man or boy to canvass the town at once and generally to look after the interests of THE WEEKLY GLOBE in his place. Also, sending so small a club. Every town agent of THE GLOBE can solicit subscriptions without interference with his regular business. Poster and sample copies free upon application.

HAVE YOU RENEWED?

Menry Ward Beecher's sermons, Bill Nye's humorous sketches, George Alfred Townsend's letters, Joe Howard's New York letters, novels by the best authors, in addition to more new features than can | body will turn to dust, but the life will be found in any other weekly newspaper, never perish. For this life is a statue that make THE WEEKLY GLOBE of 1885 the we, the people of America, carved. Rough best family newspaper in the world. It was the marble block when we began; canought to secure several hundred thousand readers this year and next. Will you renew your subscription, and get all of your friends to subscribe with you? If you are the only taker of THE GLOBE in your last, the noiseless fingers of peaceful life town, send for agent's rates and form clubs. Compare THE WEEKLY GLOBE statue in our land. Are there imperfect with any other weekly in the United tions in the marble? They make the white

old conundrum, "Does prohibition pro- laurel, but for the death the cypress.

Something is wrong with the temperance question in New Jersey. In place of the regulation snakes, JOHN DIALOGUE Saw a fire-ball, ten feet in diameter, rushing along with Monday's cyclone.

The newly-discovered diamond fields in Africa have caused a decline in value all over the world. The United States has less other country, on account of the high im-

A bright New York reporter, in describon the morning after the last wonderful performance of Mand S., invented an original phrase which will long live in the classic literature of the English language. He said "His face was wreathed with

smiles,"

The New York papers which recently dismore business in a modern race than a the dead soldier has made more chapters in dicts a complete change in the mercantile canal boat must admit since Thursday's history than any man since the days of and financial affairs of the country. The brush that if the America is a canal boat all the New York schooner vachts are mud

question to the satisfaction of the strictest seh" SHERMAN are very appropriate. He Christian worshippers. If time is given to says: the weary clerks, mechanics and laborers for recreation on Saturday, possibly they for a campaign, every one of will more readily take in the eloquence, the Sheridan would swear he could music, the quiet and the sentiment of the church on Sunday.

recently sprung into existence all over London are doing more real solid temperance work than a town full of sticklers for law and enforcement and terror, without gentler moral appliances. These gardens furnish opportunities where the clerk or workingman can lounge for one-half his mooning hour, or on other occasions, without the necessity of going into beer saloons

to some folks that the civil service com- mate of our soldier president. mission was obliged by the facts to report that Postmaster Jones of Indianapolis had not violated the civil service law. They had prepared to stand right up on their hind legs and howl at the Indiana Democracy in general and Vice-President HEN- Canon FARRAR last week. The fact that DRICKS in particular. Too bad to deprive them of that pleasure.

his straightforward course of securing the not finish the cruisers, the secretary will. And, just here, could any official be more considerate in performing his duty than is Secretary WHITNEY? While he orders the chiefs of the naval bureaus to take charge of and complete Mr. Roach's undone work. he at the same time instructs them to employ Mr. ROACH's idle workmen for the

Without attempting to gainsay the idea GRANT's life and character, Canon FARRAR cause them to rank in future among the that civil officers are best for civil duties, said:

United States, and they should not be ritory, it will have purchased peace and feudalism, a strong conviction that men she security at very reasonable terms. Let be honored simply as men, not according to the accident of birth. General Sheridan's recommendations be carried out to the letter.

BURIED:

"Let the dead bury their dead," said the Master, and in this manner America yesterday buried General GRANT. The heart of the land stopped its beating, the life-blood coursed not through the arteries of business, the hand lifted not the hammer, the foot followed not the furrow-the nation was for a time as if it were dead. Its soul left the bonds of clay, and followed for a space the soul of our dead hero on its eternal we, who were dead in life, gained new 1886, for only twenty-five cents. This offer though he be dead. With bells and cannon

journey. Soul communed with soul, and strength from him who shall ever live. is made that all who are in doubt as to we bade him "Godspeed," while with mufthe superiority of THE GLOBE over all | fled drum and solemn dirge we mourned the Our leader could not take with him that which was mortal. So with the grandest and GRANT. Americans are no longer North-

funeral pageant ever seen in our land we paid it the homage that was its due and laid it where generations to come can honor and to avoid the great rush in the fall months. revere. This man was a statesman, and it ONLY TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. was right that statesmen should follow him to the grave. He was greater as a soldier, and it was right that he should be buried with military honors. He was greatest as an American citizen, and it was right that the American people should show their grief by the sombre shade of mourning, by the solemn word and the solemn mien.

Soldiers, statesmen and citizens have laid his body away. He rests in no mausoleun in every town where there are only two such as holds the bones of the great Corsi or three subscribers, we desire a new can conqueror. He sleeps in no such sol-GIOBE agent, because it is evident that the emn cathedral as covers the ashes of Engcld GLOBE agent is not doing his duty by land's mightiest chieftain. Grander than any crypt, more solemn than any mausoleum is the simple tomb on the rock by the

river. More beautiful than the dome of the Hotel des Invalides, more majestic than the dome of St. Paul's is the sublime dome of the heavens which hang over the body of

But were the mere clay all that this man left behind would we so have honored it? No, he left us far more than that; he left is the memory of great fights won, of great leeds done, of a noble life and a noble death, and for their sake it was that the country as one man thus buried him. The non chipped off the edges and brought out the lines of strength; ballots put it where the sculptor, almost reckless in his work. yet with arm guided by the favoring will of fate, could add the lines of grace; and polished the stone till it stood the grandest still whiter. Is here and there any ugly line? No sculpter ever reaches his ideal. The staid, slow character of British news- America carved it, and came nearer to her papers is proverbial. As an illustration ideal than ever before. So yesterday she the North British Mail has just printed that decked it with laurel. Yes, for the life the

He is gone who seem'd so great— Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him.

mind of the world cannot be estimated by of them in proportion to its wealth than any his contemporaries. Those who live in the prominent female colleges less than a third and crags pointing skyward, and form their have been successful in any marital enter. estimate by these, while the grand, massive prise. We forbear mentioning the name of structure is hidden from view. In order to the institution, because we deprecate the know its true proportions they must go transforming of educational buildings into away some distance and compare it with the neighboring peaks. Then, and not until then, can a just estimate be formed.

Every loyal citizen of the United States ing the appearance of Mr. Robert Bonner knows that a chief among men lies in the tomb at Riverside today. They read of his deeds, or, perhaps, they have participated with him in his struggles; but the most thoughtful does not, cannot know the full

scows. By time allowance the America mate of General Grant's character is fully that day the stock market has made matebeat every boat in her class, and did it 100 years away, the testimony of those rial advances in almost every stock on the who knew him best is interesting, and will list. aid the future historian in preparing a Perhaps the Saturday holiday or half holi- critical record of his life. Coming at this rest on a firm basis. They are not more apday will assist in solving the Sunday time the following words of blunt "Tecum- parent than real. All along the line there

> tell which of the plans was the best one: talking over the maps, would us that he was right that SHERIDAN and I would

like it; but it is all we can expect now. We appreciate and admire what we can grasp. If we could see more our love would b deeper. It devolves upon the historian of sized by Mr. James A. Garland, vice-pres-It appears to be a great disappointment a coming generation to write the true esti- ident of the First National Bank of New

CANON FARRAR'S TRIBUTE.

That was a beautiful tribute paid to the memory of General GRANT at the memorial services in Westminster Abbey by services were held there in commemoration | main thing is restoration of confidence of the eminent deeds of America's illustrious dead was in itself a touching, beautiful thing, but Canon FARRAR's address added theorizing as to the whys and wherefores. That a feature which will make the memory of the event as lasting as the sermon was gracious and loving.

First, the eminent eulogist touched upon the scene in the abbey less than eight years ago when Dean STANLEY and General GRANT walked together about that renowned resting-place of the dead, both having reason to believe that a long life was then before them. Yet both had passed away. Next proceeding to a discussion of General street out of the speculative arena and

ervations set aside for their use by the with pride that her dictators came from the nited States, and they should not be sploughtail. America may record the answer of the president who, when asked what would be colested. If this country can be spared his coat of arms, answered proudly, mindful of from having further Indian outbreaks by driving all the white settlers from the terof labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of

> In what followed Carron FARRAR paid a noble tribute to the self-made men of America-the Lincolns, the Garfields, the Grants. Their conscientious attention to duty had made them kings among men Looking from over the ocean, the preacher saw in the hero of Appomattox the savior of a country. To use his eloquent language:

In his silence, determination and clearness of speech never exceeded "yea. yea," and "nay, nay God's light has shown for the future destinies of a mighty nation that the war of 1861 was a necessary, a blessed work. The church has never refused to honor the faithful soldier fighting for the cause of his country and his God. The cause for which GRANT fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race—was as great and noble as when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which resounded around the world. The South accepted a bloody arbitrament, but the ancor and fury of the past are buried in obliv-on. The names of LEE and Jackson will be a on heritage with those of GARFIELD erners and Southerners, but American

Canon FARRAR closed this remarkable tribute from a Briton to an American by noping that America and England might 'march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world, not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice which are the unchanging law of God "

HUMANITY OF REPUBLICS.

"RIEL sentenced to be hanged." So read the despatch from Canada, and the words give rise to strange thoughts. When the bubble of Southern treason burst forth in armed rebellion in 1861 all the monarchies of Europe sneeringly cried out that the republic would meet its death in the awful crisis, and that the experiment of a government "of the people, by the people, for the people," would be crushed out of existence. 'The people are not fit to rule themselves. but must be governed by the divinely anointed monarchs," cried these European critics. But the republic struggled on through those four years of fighting and, after many sore trials and many defeats, at last crushed out the most gigantic rebellion that the world had ever known. But no one was afterwards executed for his treason. Thus magnanimous ly did the United States act, and magnificently has the republic been repaid for this wondrous exhibition of self-restraint. No person was executed for engaging in that rebellion; and in that fact republican ideas gave a grand example of their humanizing character. In all the world's history no such magnanimous act of full and free forgiveness is recorded. No monarchy ever dared to do so noble, a thing; and the very essence of monarchical government-the right to rule by power and majestic awe-would prevent the exhibition of such an act of clemency by the victor toward the vanquished.

How great the contrast between the American republic and the monarchies of the world. Here a Nihilist, driven to desperation by his wrongs, dares to raise his puny arm against the might of the government, and for that he is driven into a him, and the vengeance of the oppressor is ruthlessly visited upon him. So the story goes through all the list of empires, for the path of empire is a bloody one

And now in Canada, that fair jewel in the diadem of England's empress, the debasing example of the older kingdoms is to be followed and vengeance wreaked upon one drivelling, insane man, Louis Riel. This republic could be magnanimous, but kingdoms dare not be: for blood must be kept constantly flowing in order to distract the people's attention from the way they are misgoverned. How long will the people be in learning this lesson? Time alone can

THE RETURN OF CONFIDENCE

The New York Indicator, a prominent meaning conveyed by the death of General | financial paper which has carefully watched GRANT. History is not measured by alma- the situation and shown a marked connacs and dry chronological charts, but by servatism in its prophecies on the business covered that the yacht America had no events; and taking these as our standard, future, steps boldly forward, now, and pre-Indicator dates the improvement from July Although the day for giving a true esti- 6, and calls attention to the fact that since

The facts cited by the Indicator appear to

s a better feeling. True, there is no sharp whatever movement has taken place has been in the line of progress. Business men have reached the point where they see light ahead; where they have confidence that the long looked-for return to prosperity has begun. And this confidence is worth more than a dozen booms faith equal to a grain of tard seed, once lodged in business men's minds, will accomplish wonders. Half the trouble heretofore has been an almost utter lack of that confidence never move with any degree of celerity or success. How important a factor is this one of the restoration of confidence is empha York; who speaks through the Indicator in

this wise: ment. With regard to these symptons of improve ment, the questions which they invole are diffi-cult to discuss scientifically, but while it may be hard to assign reasons for everything the evidence in this respect is kable, I think, and when given the least attention to the progress of busi ery deep insight into the science of financiering

Mr. GARLAND feels sure that the settlement of railroad troubles is significant of improvement, indicating such changes as best investment securities. He likewise

business men of foresight and judgment is evidently all that is necessary now, along who now act as counsellors of Leo XIII., over one-half are natives of Italy. In a lasting prosperity Some little consternation is said to have been manifested in Russian court circles over reports that a recent earthquake in central Asia has swallowed up several

thousand acres of the Czar's territory that he had lately acquired from the Prince of Caucasus at considerable expense to human give great satisfaction, and do much toward life. The land was not what might be termed a purchase, for the Czar has a method of getting hold of real estate that is peculiar to himself and his insight, Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fury of battle his of transfer may not be as formal of transfer may not be as formal tariff on the raw material for Boston brains. as a mortgage, the title is always good while there is a standing army at hand, and his high and mightiness loves those sheep farms and camel pastures better than all the acres of his daddies. Good scholars in has over 8,500,000 square miles of territory now, or more than one-seventh of all the land on the globe, and people would naturally think that if a good lively earthquake wanted to settle in the outlying districts

> take it to heart so badly. It seems that he has such a mania for land. however, that he cannot spare a single acre, and is tearing mad at that earthquake, call-waukee and Chicago, much of it in danger ing it a Nihilist and a Turk and several other hard names, and threatens to come down on Afghanistan and make up for his with the new British ministry.

and have a little spree, the Czar ought not

CONCERNING THE MEMORIAL.

In discussing the most suitable way to start a subscription to a GRANT memorial in Boston, our enterprising neighbor, the Traveller, makes an amendment to our uggestion that half a dozen public-spirited men call a meeting of citizens at the This doesn't include mineral springs. Board of Trade, and says: "A short call, signed by ex-Governors Boutwell, Banks, Rice, Gaston, Talbot, Long and Butler, would at once bring together a meeting at the Board of Trade rooms sufficiently large and influential to organize a memorial committee, appoint a treasurer, and designate places for the receipt of subscriptions, and that is all that needs now to be done."

As it is the first wish of THE GLOBE to have Boston erect a fitting tribute to our oldier-president, regardless of the exact methods so long as they secure the desired end, we cheerfully give our assent to the plan, and will do all in our power to forward the cause. The question is not one where any rivalry should exist except that of trying to see who can do the most for the honor of the man and of our city. We fully appreciate the fact that it is one thing to express admiration for and mourn the loss of this leader among men, and quite another and a much harder to go down into the people's pockets and bring forth the hard-earned money; but we believe, in spite of the many drafts lately Copper Company, which closes its works on made on the generosity of our citizens, that they will answer the patriotic call and erect a tribute that shall attest the fame of the dead and the appreciation of the living.

Boston will at least try and get up a memorial among citizens of Massachusetts. living death in Siberia, or perhaps more mercifully given a quicker death upon the scaffold. In Ireland a starving peasant dares to plot against the haughty tyranny of the foreign power that claims to relate the foreign power that claims to relate the same of Vanderbilt, Gould, Astor and a hundred more millionnaires, passing the If she cannot do so she had better go witha hundred more millionnaires, passing the hat around among the poorer though more liberal cities, is an illustration of municipal freckles. alms-asking that has more assurance than politeness, especially when we consider now the raising of the BARTHOLDI pedestal fund would have been a humiliating failure of Chester's trousers! if it had not been for the enterprise of the

A majority of Boston citizens think that our money should go for a memorial in this city. After that is completed it will be time to think of New York.

sults. The use of gas as fuel has superseded coal in nearly 80 per cent, of the manufacturing establishments. The smoke cloud, or rather the smoke mountain, which has rested upon the city, has lost its density | improvised navies. to such a degree that the atmosphere has become translucent. Those who have been born in the city since the establishment of the iron industry now see the sun for the sand were issued in one day. You can see first time, and although they have read and from this how fast paper money wears out heard of that juminary before, it is difficult, and how quick the banks feel changes in for the old inhabitants and those who have travelled out of the city to convince these younger people that the curious object is really the god of day. Smoked glass is not necessary, nor will it be until the gas revolution is complete and the air becomes transparent. Therefore, the chief occupaadvance, no boom in any direction, but tion of the people is looking at the strange object as it passes across the sky. Sunlight cause it startles the people. walks and excursions by land and water are becoming popular, especially with young couples with the first impulses of love just beginning to throb. A wonderment nearly equal to that expe-

occasioned by a heavy shower which occurred a few evenings since. The rain washed the sidewalks clean, and no soot fell to restore the "original" color, and the whole city was puzzled the next morning in a grand picture that has many thousands without which the financial world can at the gray stones and the red bricks, until an explanation was given by a commercial traveller from Boston.

One result of the change was most dislowed the business for many years, had become accustomed to judge of the cleanness of the clothes by the blackness of the water, and not having become accustomed to the new condition of affairs, washed her hands off nearly up to her elbows in trying to make the water of the same color as the stove cover, which had previously been her elevators within her limits and no distillerguide. The newspapers have started a dollar subscription for her.

The city is full of ludicrous incidents. On Wednesday last two young ladies, friends of each other, who had been confined to the house for a few days by illness, met on | cod. the street and refused to speak to each other. Each thought the other was "stuck observe this. And, what is better, the feeling | up" because she had on a clean collar after 9 o'clock in the morning.

However, the people will get used to the new order after a while, and in the meantime we congratulate our sister city upon

sees signs that the danger of reaching a silver basis in the finances has passed by, had said—if any one had predicted—that he would become twice president and one of the toremost men of the day the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers the whites, when they behave themselves they show that the people have a sovereign priest and given charge of the eastern section of the Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and that the firm stand taken by the adstruction of the Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and that the firm stand taken by the adstruct reprophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are not shown by many of those who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space who now control the Republican party. They did not appear in the space of the catholic church. The Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and that the firm stand taken by the adsource of great satisfaction to all members of the church. The Catholic church. The Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and they did not appear in the space of the church. The Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and they did not appear in the space of the church. The Catholic church in America is a silver basis in the finances has passed by, and th WILLIAMS is about to be created a cardinal

the early days of the church, when travel was difficult, such a distribution was necessary in order to have the spiritual advisors close to the Holy See. The faith has made rapid progress in America of late, and the appointment of Cardinal McCloskey was looked upon as a forerupner of more to come. Should the distinguished honor fall on Archbishop WILLIAMS the choice will helping the cause in this country.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Pittsburg Chronicle: Boston demands free trade for Canadian fish. Surely there is no Scientists say that all the water on the earth will dry up in 10,000,000 years. Maine will then be a healthy place to emigrate from.
Chief Justice Coleridge ought to know

better than to expect an American girl to back out of an engagement.

An advertisement in a contemporary for a teacher in the collegiate department of a school for young women says: "The applicant must be a young lady member of a Congregational church." Rather a curious irement for this so-called age of toleration. But more curious yet is it that any

one expects to find a "young lady" who

will deign to teach "young women.

Twenty-five million bushels of grain are of being spoiled by heating. Kept for higher prices, they say; and meanwhile the poor man must pay more for his bread. This is the way the editor of the Sar loss as soon as he can send word to his generals. If England and Russiago to war this our opinion, the killer of an Indian under fall it will not be due to any disagreement any circumstances is a public benefactor. about the boundary line, but the whole about the boundary line, but the whole trouble will be on account of that earth- an opportunity to pass for killing the same quake, which the Czar believes is in league | as any other beast of prey, and they will be supported by the mass of people throughout the great West.

It is right that the agitation about putting a suitable monument over General Israel Putnam's grave should gain strength till the good work is accomplished. That the matter should have been so neglected is a downright shame.

The average wealth of Massachusetts armers is said to be about \$2529 per capita.

It goes hard with some of these offensive partisans. One Kentucky ex-postmistress writes: "To the four or five hypocrites, shrew that to hold public office.

shrew that to hold public office.

President Chauncey M. Depew didn't hesitate a moment the other day in giving a rich woman passes for five over his road after she had told her story. Her fortune had been invested in Hudson River & New York Central stock, and the dividends have dwindled so that she couldn't go to Newport or even afford an economical trip to The readers of a Philadelphia newspaper

have voted E. P. Roe to be a better story writer than Howells, and Harriet Beecher Stowe better than either. There's no accounting for Philadelphia tastes. chuck a Seabrook girl under the chin. Her father and a warrant forced him to pay for his naughty trifling, but if she was pretty most men will think he got out of it very

Mr. Blaine will have to run for something again before he can rid himself of the gout. Exercise, you know, is a good thing for that aristocratic disease. A sensible corporation is the New Haven

wages. There ought to be more such in the New York World: Of course Boston was happy yesterday over the winning of both the Goelet cups in the great sailing match. and Hub punch was the order of the day. In fact, Boston was in her cups.

The girl who yearns to be stylish is now anxiously inquiring how to cultivate

Chester A. Arthur wasn't equal to his opthe crazy-quilt gift business. What a glorious crazy quilt could have been made out

Mackin, the Chicago politician who languishes in jail, has no diversions save the daily papers and an unlimited supply of Were it not for the cigars his lot would be as bad as an exchange editor's. A tour round the world is what Mary Anderson thinks will suit her now

Americans need not go to England to find poor boys for whom to build hon poor boys for whom to build homes.

There's a twang of the good old British bravado in the joint assertion of the three have been the cause of some curious re- famous admirals that John Bull's navy is still equal to the navies of all other nations put together. That may be true, but they forget that we Yankees still possess the knack which enabled John Paul Jones and

Commodore Perry to lower British flags with Since the government stopped printing lars has increased and the New York banks have begun calling for them. Sixty thou-

the currency. Judging from the ages of the imperial kissers and kissees at Gastein, one might uppose that unkissed kisses were sweeter. The law about families petering out gets

who is living in poverty in California. shocks the South, says he uses slang because it startles the people. Guess he wouldn't make that scheme work in a boarding school. It is getting to be the fashion for every

man or woman who writes a book to tell the public while the painful operation is still in progress. As many of these books rienced at the sight of the sun itself was never get into type, and as much mortification often results to the victim of self-conceit, or over-confident friends, it might be better to return to the old custom of announcing books only when they are pub-

The people of America consume every year 116 pounds of tea per head, against 1.54 pounds four years ago. Of coffee we consume each 9.46 pounds, against 8.23 bounds four years ago. This strange result is said to have been brought about by the ressing. A washerwoman, who had fol- portable coffee-mill and the efforts of the dealers to sell the coffee roasted.

ounce. Hence any letter not heavier than a dollar can go for a single two-cent stamp. A five-cent piece added will give the ounce If you have not the silver dollar, five nick els and a small copper cent will give an ounce. Graphic: Minneapolis has thirteen grain

tilleries and no elevators. This preserves When a Pittsfield fellow of the name of Pollock came of age the other day he had a

supper that cost \$3000. That Pollock is no

Somebody has discovered that a woman always shades her eyes by turning her hand over-the palm upward-so that the back will not sunburn. During the civil war, he was discovered by this gesture A Georgia legislator has introduced a bill

putting an annual tax of \$2 50 upon bachelors over 30 years of age, to create a fund fer the education of fatherless children. They need a Malthusian society down in

Women at Home, in Society and in Politics.

Vanity and Selfishness Masculine Traits.

Four "Bosses" and Their Careers Compared.

Hubert O. Thompson and His Political Influence.

High Tribute to Mrs. Kelly, Wife of the Tammany Chief.

You can readily imagine what a panorama f continuous interest the crowds that hronged those boats afforded me. One thing I noticed that I neversatisfactorily accounted for, and that is, that while in every hundred men ninety-six would look in the mirror at the end of the cabin, not more than or three in every hundred women looked at themselves in the mirror, and, as removal I only desire to say that a day of a rule, those were either very young girls or ladies whose costume in some way was disarranged, necessitating the use of a mirror. I remember talking with Conant one day about that, and he pooh-poohed the idea did so, after which he laughingly gave it up, and later on, as we stood in a neighbor

Saturdays at 2.30 o'clock without docking

spirited mare and contrast it with the divine eye, the quivering nostril, the quick moving of the pointed ear, the lash of the tail and the shiver of every muscle under the glossy hide of her masculine partner.

As I drove through Central Park this afternoon, the modest peeping of a peahen attracted my attention, and presently there strutted forth that lordly coward, the peaceck, whose tail, all affame, swept straight from horizon to horizon, while his gaudy plumage absolutely glittered in the sun. Now and then you will find a little weak man with a magniticent specimen of woman-Now and then you will find a little weak man with a magnificent specimen of womanhood as his bride, and a henpecked husband has long since been a type of inferiority, but I imagine if you run over in your mind a list of your acquaintances, you will agree with me that personal vanity, self-conceit and an itching for adulation are characteristics of the men, rather than of the women. I would make a rather poor dude myself, but I know a great many fellows who are excessively prudish and careful in their dress. The cut of their beard, the trimming of their hair, the set of their collar, the length of their coat-tails, and even the fashion of their stick, worry them very much more than any consideration of the immortality of their souls.

Selfishness a Masculine Trait.

Selfishness a Masculine Trait. That men are infinitely more selfish than men-how easily proven. Here is a man and his wife in humble circumstances. He s down town in occupation of some kind. Going on the street he meets Charley Jones or Billy Smith, and together they take a drink. That leads to a cigar, and, even if they are moderate and temperate men, almost invariably to "Well, let's have one more before we part." He starts for home, an easily walkable distance. He has been at work all day. He is tired with sitting and perhaps a little bothered about affairs. A smart, brisk walk would do him good, the exercise would strengten his muscles and clear his brain and refashion his skin with a healthy glow, besides saving him with a healthy glow, besides saving him the five cents fare. Does he walk? Not much. He buys an evening paper, jumps on a car, and rides home to his wife and Well, she has been at work, too. While

dinner.

Well, she has been at work, too. While sewing, or whatever it is women do, the fruit vender passing along the street salutes her ear with a tender of ripe bananas, or succulent oranges, or, what she prizes above all things, a good tart apple. She is tired and looks longingly at the fruit, but says to herself, "Why should I throw away five or ten cents, just to gratify my palate for a moment? I won't do it!" and she doesn't. Along comes another fellow with a wagon full of great, big, juicy lemons, and the little woman's mouth fairly waters, as it recognizes the good a refreshing lemonade would do her caloricized stomach. She could buy half a dozen lemons for a quarter, and that would give her half a dozen good, pleasant, refreshing drinks. "A quarter? Throw away a quarter, when dear George is working so hard down town." Not much. Some little thing is needed in the household, and, although the day is hot, the weather oppressive, she thinks she had better go out and get what is needed, so that she can be home in time to prepare dinner for her expected lord and master. Out she goes. Just a block below the street car passes, going directly to the store, some distance off. The woman is really tired, the day is frightfully warm and she has the five cents in her pocket, but, although the temptation is strong, she says "the walk will do me good, and anyhow I will save the five cents." and she dose save the five cents the five cents. After the Day is Done.

Well, the husband and wife meet at home

"What sort of a day have you had?" says "Oh, a hard day. Worked like a dog from the time I got down to now. Played

"Well, I hope you didn't walk home?"
"You bet I didn't walk home. I was so tired that I believe I wouldn't have come home at all if I had had to walk. Have you been out today?"
"Yes, I went out for a little while this afternoon, down to buy some edging," tulle or whatever it is women buy. "It was very warm."
"Yes, frightfully warm."

Not a word as to whether she rode. Not suggestion as to perhaps it was a hot alk, or a disagreeable experience. Now lich of the two is the selfish one? Which of the two in their own interest made a sacrifice, and who of you dare say to me that that isn't, in a humble lime to be sure

ments were superior to those of man, and, as has been noted from the earliest moment of recorded time, from the apple experience of Adam and Eve, the hair-cutting operation between Delilah and Sampson, the devoted band, and more especially the well-beloved sisters who made the earthly path of the Saviour of his race more easy-through all the freat names of later history, good or bad, the Henrys, the Napoleons, the Fredericks, the Georges, the Washingtons, even to the petty politicians of our time, woman's hand has ever been the more conspicuous and her influence dominant.

About the Bosses. When I returned from my drive today I looked into the Hoffman House—that gorge-ously-glittering drinking place, where, after people have stopped drinking in the Astor House rotunda, they go to while away an evening hour and break a bottle in the presence of a friend-and there I saw sitting, a man of middle age, somewhere between 34 and 40, who did more to secure the nomination of Grover Cleveland than any other, and who today is about as near being boss, as it is called, as it is possible to come without being an absolute trestate.

without being an absolute tyrant.
I refer to Hubert O. Thompson, a native of New York, a well-born, well-bred man of of New York, a well-born, well-bred man of rare intelligence and considerable culture, a genial, quick-witted, kind-hearted, thoughtful, considerate gentleman. As I sat there, looking at him and a party of adherents, I said to myself, "that is the only one of the bosses of my time whose name I never heard connected with that of a woman, for good or ill." The bosses of my time have been, first, Fernando Wood; second, William M. Tweed; third, John Kelly, and now that Hubert O. Thompson has his grip on national affairs to a certain extent, and is the head and front of the victorious wing in this city. I suppose I must include him, although not offensively, in that list, as the fourth.

Mayor Fernando Wood.

Mayor Fernando Wood.

Very few of the present readers of THE GLOBE, probably, remember Fernando Wood. He was a marvellous man, a native, I think, of New York, and when I first saw him, its chief magistrate, he was very tall, very dignified, with a face of marble, a New York, August 7.—I don't think there is anything more interesting than the study of mankind, mankind being a generic term, which includes men, women and children. For a long period of my life it was my habit four times a day to cross Fulton ferry. I came to New York at 11 in the morning, went back about 6, came over again about 9, and went home all along from 12 to 2.

You can readily imagine what a panorama of continuous interest the grown of the strip with the Prince of Wales to this country, the other being your Governor Nathaniel P. Banks.

Fernando Wood was a man of intense nature, energetic, determined, persistent,

Fernando Wood was a man of intense nature, energetic, determined, persistent, relentless. He was as absolutely despotic in the city of New York as the Czar of Russia is in St. Petersburg. His one weakness was a fondness for bright women. Their society charmed him, and on several occasions, when his nearest and closest advisers differed with him in a contemplated course of action politically, and on one conspicuous time when they differed widely on a matter of important finance, he being characteristically stubborn and tenacious of his purpose to a degree, he was absolutely turned about by the clean-cut argument of a clever woman, a woman with a history as marvellous as any fairy tale that was ever coined, a woman whose name, five years ago, was known in every country of Christand said it was absurd, so we agreed on the next trip over to sit where we could take unmistakable evidence on the point. We did so, after which he lanchingly cave it.

Fernando Wood in Albany.

asked me for five minutes' time. "
went to her parlor, and in the c
the hall the mayor, who was
inch himself then, explained to
"for reasons," he had concluded to
his project and asked if it was too

his project and asked if it was too late for me to incorporate in my dispatch something from him on that subject. Of course I as only too glad to get it, and we went together to my room, and in his own handwriting that portion of my despatch was sent. She had gained her point, she had done what Weed had asked her, but she had gained it, and had done it in so clever, so clean-cut a manner, that Wood never divined her motive, being quite contented in assuring her that her object was attained, with his full concurrence.

Hers Tweed, the "Materman."

Boss Tweed, the "Statesman."

Old man Tweed was in no sense a woman's man. He had none of the graces of personlity, except inexhaustible good nature He was a very large man, but not a fast iver. He was fond of his home and devoted to his family, but after he passed from hard politics and comparative poverty to supreme control of the city and great influence in the State, with marvellous accretions of wealth, he became a target. He became a something for leeches of both sexes to fasten upon, and as is well known here, several women of apparently good reputation, but in reality without good character, got hold of him in some way and feathered their nests at his expense. He was induced to favor men whom they liked, of whom he knew nothing. He was led to make purchases of real estate, and convinced that it was better for him to be a the property stand in the at his expense. He was men whom they liked, of whom nothing. He was led to make pureal estate, and convinced that it ter for him to have the propertys names of others. He made an aldermen, he made and unmade men and made and unmade she fortunes, he

unmade newspapers to oblige women.

A woman induced him to escape from custody when, had he stayed here until the sentiment of hostility had passed, and the sentiment of hostility had passed, and the calm searchings of law alone, in legal methods and in legal channels, were left to nethods and in legal channels, were let to lecide his guilt or innocence, he could have uccessfully fought the battle. In spite of reachery, in spite of State's evidence, I lever believed Tweed could have been roven guilty of anything except a breach f trust in any court whatever.

Tweed at His Trial. He was tried for misdemeanor, and put in the hands of a judge and a jury bound to convict and to sentence him, and what do you think they charged him with? ing \$6,000,000? cheating in building the county court house? frauds in the election? Nothing of the sort; they charged him with misdemeanor, because, as one of a board of three, he signed a report in his own office, as the other members usuad it in theirs. s the other members signed it in theirs, s that other members signed it in theirs, stead of signing it in the presence of the instead of signing as a hoard, rather than as instead of signing it in the presence of the other two, acting as a board, rather than as an individual member! And they charged him with doing this several hundred times, and when he was found guilty of having done it—a fact which he didn't deny at all—the judge had the cheek to sentence him to twelve years; and all the press, hidebound with prejudice, shouted "Good and amen!"—all the press but one, the little Star, which had the courage of conviction and showed, first, the injustice of it, and second, the illegality of it.

The man had had but one trial, and one in had had but one trial, and one The man had had but one trial, and one jury and one conviction, and acumulative sentence under those circumstances was idiotic, while to send him to prison twelve

sentence under those circumstances was idiotic, while to send him to prison twelve years for signing a perfectly proper report in his own office, instead of going over to another office to sign it, was manifestly unjust and oppressive. Still, the press and the court didn't agree with me, but fortunately the Court of Appeals did, and at the end of one year, by which time the Court of Appeals had gotten to the case and decided it to be illegal, he was set free. If it hadn't been for the malign influence of a woman, who persuaded him to seek a retreat in Spain, Tweed would have won his battle here, and although it isn't probable that the eminent citizens, a majority of whom, by the way, went to Albany this week to escort the remains of Grant to this city, who started a subscription in 1870 to build a statue of Tweed at the Fifth avenue entrance to the park, would carry out that scheme today, he would still be living here, and the waves of time would very likely have obliterated a major portion of the popular indignation which raged and tore above his head some ten years are.

ten years ago John Kelly and His Wife. Knowing as you do the high character

and personal purity of Boss John Kelly, a native of New York City, a self-made man. as sturdy in his integrity as in his physique, he is, and has been for years, greatly under the influence of a woman, and that woman his loving and devoted wife, a niece, by the way, of Cardinal McCloskey.

Mrs. Kelly is a short, small, pale, spiritual

creature, very intelligent and like her husband, particularly well read. Her entire life has been spent in a social circle of which the revered and greatly respected and greatly loved cardinal is the centre. She is a devoted churchwoman, extremely sensitive to criticism, fully informed of all her husband's plans, and in hearty sympathy with what he conceives to be the best mode of administering affairs. She has been his courage, his unfaltering spirit, his never wavering support in times that tried his soul, and when, with sneering emphasis, the soi-distant purists of the day have alluded to Boss Kelly as though he were a common thief, a disrepatable fellow, a person of no origin and no cultivation, her soul has fairly quivered with indignation, but her heart never gave way. It seemed as though an extra large electric fire was put into her, with which she warmed the companion of her home and cheered the despondent chief, when, like Roderick Dhu, he had nothing but the rock of self-will and determination at his back.

A Word on Women in General So you see that there are women and women, and while all women are potent in their sphere, and while all men are subject to their influence, it isn't fair to assume, and it would be ridiculous to urge, that because a man is influenced by women he is necessarily led into paths of disreptue or urged on to courses dishonorable and per-

It is quite likely that Eve now regrets the step she took in her paradisaical garden, and it isn't improbable that Delilah wished many a time, after Samson's frightful death, that her scissors had been idle; but do you believe that Mary and Martha have ever dropped a tear of sorrow, or have ever felt the shaft of regret because of the kindness and helpfulness they showed the man of Nazareth in his trouble and distress? Or do you believe that while bad women in every age have tempted men into storm-beaten paths and influenced them to wickedness, in high places, as well as low, the race has any cause to regret that the good women of our time have been so potent, that the virtuous of their sex, the thoughtful, considerate, brilliant, high-minded women of their time have had so much to do with the fashioning of man's purpose, and the carrying out of man's programme? If you do, I don't. It is quite likely that Eve now regrets the

HOWARD.

His Devotion to His Master and His Affection for the Ladies. [American Agriculturist.]

Two summers ago I was the happy mas-

ter of the eleverest young skunk that I have thus far chanced to meet. For a name he received the title of his genus. and we called him "Meph," for short. By way of precaution we removed his scent sacks, and he made a rapid and complete recovery after a few days of temporary indisposition. While driving about the country in the performance of professional duties, he usually slept in my pocket. After supper I commonly took a walk, and he always followed close to my heels. If I chanced to walk too fast for him he would scold and stamp his fore feet, and if I persisted in keeping too far ahead, would turn about disgusted and make off in an opposite direction; but if I stopped and called him he would hurry along at a sort of ambling pace and soon overtake me. He was particularly fond of ladies, and I think it was the dress that attracted him; but be this as it may, he would invariably leave me to follow any lady that chanced to come near. We used to walk through the woods to a large meadow which abounded in grasshoppers. Here "Meph" would fairly revel in his favorite food, and it was rich sport to watch his manaeuvres. When a grasshopper jumped ne jumped, and I have seen him with as many as three sacks, and he made a rapid and complete Fernande Wood in Albany.

In ever shall forget one occasion in a bounded in grasshoppers. Here "Meph" in high particular that, as a rule, women dress carefully before they leave home, everything is pinned or buttoned, or fastened in its proper place, and knowing perfectly well just how they look and precisely how their costume stands, they are quite content, while men for instance put their hats on without looking in a glass, they put on their top coats or they button their undercoat or whatever without using a mirror, and naturally enough when they come face to face with a glass they take a look.

The Male the Valner Animal.

Another theory we had was that the male after all is the vainer animal of the two an inflamed topknot and a curious red jigger in other lines of God's handwork. Take to face with a glass they put on their the for this complete the fowls, for instance. The rooster has an inflamed topknot and a curious red jigger in other lines of God's handwork. Take the fowls, for instance. The rooster has an inflamed topknot and a curious red jigger in other lines of God's handwork. Take the fowls, for instance. The rooster has an inflamed topknot and a curious red jigger and screaming with all his might when one of his many partners has successfully be a complished the eggseellent object for which, she was created. Come with me to the the stable. Note the bearing of the most spirited mare and contrast it with the divine eye, the quivering nostril, the quick moving of the pointed ear, the place of the langer and many that his programme on the contrast it with the divine eye, the quivering nostril, the quick moving of the pointed ear, the place of the langer and the form of the many room where I had been writing, and the stable. Note the bearing of the most spirited mare and contrast it with the divine eye, the quivering nostril, the quick moving of the pointed ear, the place of the langer and the province of the pointed ear, the quick moving the point and the province of the point of the point of the poi something to play with, and frequently amused himself by attempting to demolish my slippers. I have often given him a bit of old sponge, with a string attached, in order to keep him out of mischief. During the evening he occasionally assumed a cunning mood, and would steal softly up to my chair, and, standing erect, would claw at my pants once or twice, and then scamper off as fast as his little legs would carry him, evidently anxious to have me give chase. If I refused to follow he was soon back, trying a new scheme to attract my attention.

Iced Soup for Over-Heated Drinkers-Kinds Now Made in Chicago.

(Chicago Mail.) that in winter time we had beef tea, steak tea and other hot drinks, but iced soup or bouillon is having a great run and I be lieve that it has come to stay. The lemonadvent of the soup. Men who are accustomed to mint juleps, etc., take to the iced

soup "like a duck to water." When was the new drink brought out?" "When was the new drink brought out?"
"About a week ago a well-known 'doctor'
came to the proprietors and said that he
had a scheme that would take. The bosses
laughed at him. Finally he induced them
to put down their names for a gallon, and it
was brought into the place in a brown jug,
'Keep in a cool place and shake well before
taking,' were the instructions on a card.
This was a kind of a chestnut, but I was
told to put the jug on ice and
did so. Then gayly decorated cards were
hung up in the place, and by and by we had
a call for a glass of bouillon. I poured out
a glassful, and after seasoning it with salt
and pepper handed it to the customer. It
seemed to have touched the right spot, for
he said that it was the best drink he had
taken for years."
"How works heads are there?"

taken for years."

"How many brands are there?"

"Well, you can get tomato, vegetable, oxtail, pea and barley, and the doctor says that if the thing is a success he'll introduce

(Philadelphia Call.) Professor Bickmore has been lecturing to the public school teachers of New York on asked the professor. While the wing was as twee, a figure 8. The wings of a fly vibrated 330 times a second, which went to as it were, a figure 8. The wings of a fly vibrated 330 times a second, which went to show its muscular power. If caught fast a fly would keep buzzing for a long time before it stopped to rest, with this 8-like movement. The eyes of a fly had considerable motion, and could see some distance around. When magnified they showed a series of facets, which were the lenses. These facets combined produce sight. A fly of serious importance was the tsetse fly, which was, however, confined to a limited area. To pass through a swarm of them was deadly to horses and oxen, but not to suckling calves. They did not affect mankind. Livingstone, the explorer, spoke of one occasion when it was certain that only twenty or thirty of these flies appeared, and yet they caused the death of a large number of cattle. The effects of their bites on the beasts would be, first loss of appetite and fur, and then death from inanition. The southern and central portion of Africa would be quite accessible were it not for this rest. It was a gnestion how these in. would be quite accessible were it not for this pest. It was a question how these in sects could be destroyed.

They Trade That Way. "Watermelons, eh!" she queried, as she

glanced at the pile of fifty. "Yes'm," replied the grocer.
"All green?" "Oh, no, ma'am."

"If I was sure I could get a ripe one I might —"
"I'll pick you out one, certainly. Here's one right here. I'll warrant that melon to "I know it?"
"I know it?"
"And you'll send it up?"
"Of course."
"But suppose it should be

"But suppose it should be green?"
"You shall have another. Here, I'll try it here, now, but isn't that a ripe melon?"
"Y-e-s, I guess so."
"And where shall I send it?"
"Isn't it a little dangerous to eat melon?" 'Oh, no, ma'am. Where did you say?"

THE OLD WORLD.

Respect Shown in Europe to the Memory of Grant.

British Politicians on Their Best Behavior

bound Tory organs. There is a refreshing absence of mere officialism in the young cabinet officer, and he seems to be none the less popular because he has a habit of speaking plainly, even if he treads on the corns of his predecessors in office.

The statement has been made in these columns more than once that the idea that peace is assured between Russia and England is a fallacious one. The two nations are no nearer an agreement than they were before, and neither has relaxed in the least the attitude of preparation. There is little doubt that the limit of concession to Russian and the season of t

of such matters as the Gazette slopped over on. It seems to be the judgment of one of them, at least, that he made a mistake in permitting himself to have anything to do with it. The editor of the paper, speaking at a meeting, chose to relieve his excited feelings by a little profanity, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the person referred to, for his part, dropped the editor like a hot potato. It now looks as if the Archbishop, Cardinal Manning, Bishop Temple and Mr. Sanuel Morley have been ingeniously "used" by Mr. Stead for advertising purposes, and the subject is rapidly getting to be a sore one.

British Politicians on Their Best Behavior for the Coming Elections.

The Ravages of the Cholera in Spain and France.

The one theme which has been almost miversal with the peoples speaking the English tongue, to the exclusion of all else, has been the death and burial of General Grant. The subject takes its place in this column rightly, because of the glowing tributes paid to the general's memory in foreign lands.

Notable, because it is unique and without precedent, and therefore startling to British minds, was the meeting in Westminster. In that place, where the men who have made Britain great have been laid to rest, Canon Farrar, the well-known writer, delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the American general and statesman. Fourteen generals of the British army

Canon Farrar, the well-known writer, delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of the American general and statesman.
Fourteen generals of the British army were present, and the equerry of the Prince of Wales. The American legation was closed. Minister Phelps and the attaches of the legation attended the services in a body. Among those present were the Duke of Cambridge, Marquis of Lorne, General Wolseley, Lord Iddesleigh and scores of leading Englishmen. Of those occupying the seats reserved for Americans were Senators Hawley, Eustis and Edmunds, ex-Attorney-General Brewster, Consul-General Waller, Messre. Morgan, Field, Marble, Potter and Smalley and numerous other Americans.

In Parls, Berlin and St. Petersburg memorial services were also held, and in the city of Mexico. The royal standard of England floated at half-mast, and at the request of the Prince of Wales, the fleet of the Royal Yacht Club flied colors in the same manner. On the evening of the next day a banquet was given by Cyrus W. Field in London to commemorate the laying of the first Alantic cable, twenty-seven years ago. The occasion was made a meeting of Americans, resident and visiting in London.

In the British Parliament little of a startling nature has occurred, though many measures of more than national importance have been passed. The Manchester ship canal bill, which is destined to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-timed to open up a way by which large yes-tim

fessed Too Late-"Such Treason to the Party and to the People Ought to be Punished."

NEW YORK, August 5.-The Times' special land recently appointed a certain judge in received a letter from a person who had signed a petition in favor of the appointment. It declared that the appointee was an unfit man for judge. that the community were disgusted with the appointment, and that the writer and others had signed the petition merely to get rid of the applicant, knowing his unfitness, and never dreaming that such a man had any chance for appointment. The President replies as follows:

future punishment and hope of future re-ward may be at the bottom of the exceptionally liberal legislation which has distinguished the present British Parliament, and especially the new cabinet, but whatever may be the motive, it is undeniable that the legislation and government has been liberal.

To Ireland the new government offers a hand clothed with velvet. The lord lieutenant no longer needs an escort: the secretary moves to and fro without detectives shadowing him for safety, and the home secretary in London has sent the constables which his predecessor had found necessary as guardians to their own place. The extra police sent to their own place. The extra police sent to their own place. The columns of the Papers.

Lord Randolph Churchill seems to be having things his own way, in spite of the attacks of the Standard and other hidebound Tory organs. There is a refreshing absence of mere officialism in the young cabinet officer, and he seems to be none the less popular because he has a habit of speaking plainly, even if he treads on the corus of his predecessors in effice.

The statement has been made in these

That Has

SPOID.

That by Collection and Joseph Collection and State Col

has so frankly owned his grievous fault. If any comfort is to be extracted from this assurance, you are welcome to it.

Yours truly.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

SWINGING BY ONE ARM,

With Her Babies Grasped Firmly in the Other—Death Gliding on Steel Rails Above, Death Gurgling in the Mad Waters Below.

BALTIMORE, August 5.—A few miles south of Marlborough, Md., on the Pope's Creek delphia, and G. J. Lind, assistant superintendent of the railway mail service. The post of the structure prevented its complete destruction, and after the fire was extinguished all the guests were found to have reached the ground in safety; but one half of the hotel was bring users were once more quartered in that portion of the building. The origin of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric system in the house becoming crossed and heated. The hotel and furnities of Marlborough, Md., on the Pope's Creek deplays a proportion of the building. The origin of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric system in the hotel and furnities of Marlborough, Md., on the Pope's Creek deplays a proportion of the proportion of the building. The origin of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric system in the house becoming crossed and heated. The hotel and furnities of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric system in the house becoming crossed and heated. The hotel and furnities of the fire is attributed to the wires of the electric system in the house become the fire was extinguished all the guests were found to have reached the ground in safety; but one half of the hotel was burned with the malls of the structure prevented its complete destruction, and after the fire was extinguished all the guests were found to have reached the ground in safety; but one half of the hotel was burned with the malls of the structure prevented its complete destruction, and after the fire was extinguished all the guests were found to have reached the ground in safety; but one half of the hotel was burned with the male service.

Lead Managine I and the second of the second Sweet cascade in white kall on white kall on the high case of the common to the common

that an equal number of such office of the political content of the pol

great that no baggage or furniture was saved. The Montezuma Hotel is located at the Hot Springs, which are seven miles from the town of Las Vegas, on the line of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad, being reached by a branch line. Special care was taken to render the structure as nearly fire proof as possible, but the precautions proved unavailing.

Two fire companies from Las Vegas, six miles distant, were taken over by special trains, and with the fire apparatus of the hotel fought the flames until after daylight. A fire wall through the centre of the structure prevented its complete of the structure prevented its complete of the structure prevented its complete of the structure and of the structure and of the structure and the struc

spiculous act until he made the recent assault upon the memory of General Grant, which was so quickly followed by his own death.

THUNDER AND LICHTNING.
One Person Killed and Several Houses Damaged in the West.

WAHPETON, Dak., August 9.—A heavy thunder storm raged in this region Friday evening and much rain fell. Mrs. Butal, wife of a leading merchant of Moore-ton, in this county, was killed by lightning and her husband hurt. The Wahpeton mill and elevator company's elevator was struck, and the residence of Mr. P. Proper, ex-sheriff of this county, was shattered by lightning. The family excaped. A house in Breckenridge, east of the river, is said to have been unroofed and some others are reported to be damaged. Strain of this county, was shattered by lightning. The family excaped. A house in Breckenridge, east of the river, is said to have been unroofed and some others are reported to be damaged. You, Vol. Vhathave get in the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, was shall area in the centre of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county, and some halistones two inches in dame of the county were found. A few fields of the co

CHILIAN INSOLENCE. The Way Yankee Mariners are Treated In South America.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—The Sunday Herald today prints the following interview on the relations between this country

alliance which Equador tried to effect of the Ecuadorian Clutches which the been made and and and and the companies of the country of the Ecuadorian clutches without a light of the Ecuadorian clutc

Northumberland.

11.15 12.19 2.7 7.11 18.23
23.18 27.24 22.17 26.22 26.22
8.11 7.10 5.9 11.18 23.26
27.23 24.15 17.10 24.15 22.17
4.8 10.19 7.14 13.17 14.18
32.27 18.15 29.25 22.13 17.14
15.19 11.18 3.7 6.9 26.30
24.15 22.15 31.27 13.6 14.16
10.19 9.14 9.13 1.19 8.12
23.16 25.22 27.24 30.26 10.7
Lewis won.

By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass 14..10 15..10 10..14 1..6 10..15 5..14 14..18 23..27 32..28 32..28 10..6 21..5 5..1 6..10 15..19 2..9 18..23 27..32 28..32 W.wins.

By Ed. Noel, Oswego, N. Y. [Elmira Telegram.] 26..22 18..14 3.. 7 2..27 32..14 17..26 10..17 W. wins.

The following challenge was published in the Turf, Field and Farm of July 31. Barker Challenges Heffner.

feit. Yours respectfully,

CHARLES F. BARKER.

Under date of July 25, Mr. James McEntee, writes us: "Will you please publish the following challenge: I. James McEntee, will play any and all the players who contested for the Craig gold medal. I will give and take the same odds to any player who will play me for \$1 on each won game, and not to play less than twenty-four games, which must be played at one sitting. This challenge will remain open for fifteen days from date, and those who are not afraid to, accept will give me one week for preparation.—[Turf.

A new checker weekly will be started as

E. E. Burlingame, Elmira, N. Y.
Mr. E. W. Spiller of 354 Wyckoff street,
Brooklyn, N. Y., is the authorized agent for
Messrs. Leggett & Gardner's "Will o' the
Wisp" analysis, published by our friend
Mowatt of Aberdeen. All those desirous of
purebasing this valuable little work will
receive the same by sending fifteen cents to
Mr. Spiller at the above address.
We learn that Mr. Wyllia is not made.

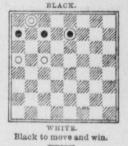
CHARLES F. BARKER....

During the months of July and August this Checker Department will be published

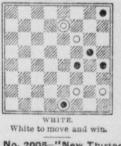
All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and Checker Players' Headquarters, 15 Pemberton square, Boston.

By Isalah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.



Position No. 1201.



Barker Challenges Heffner.

Boston, July 27, 1885.

Draught Editor Turf, Field and Farm:

I challenge Mr. A. J. Heffner of Providence to play me a game at checkers for the championship of America and two hundred (\$200) a side. Each player shall make each one of the seven possible first move that can be made with the black men, and shall make such first move each four times, thus making the match to consist of fifty-six (56) games, wins and draws to count. That is, each player must play every opening which can be formed by the first move, and shall play such opening four times, but he shall not be forced to play any opening twice in succession, but may choose whatever opening he pleases when he has the first move. This challenge will be open for acceptance for thirty days, and I will give or take \$20 for expenses. As an earnest of good intentions I inclose twenty-five (\$25) dollars as a forfeit. Yours respectfully.

Under date of July 25, Mr. James McEntee.

WAIT AND WIN;

JACK DRUMMOND'S PLUCK.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR., Author of "The Store Boy," "Do and Dare," "Hed tor's Inheritance," "The Back Woods Boy," etc., etc.

(Copyrighted 1885 by Horatio Alger, Jr.)

CHAPTER I.

THE OLD DESK. An auctioneer's red flag was displayed in bront of the little white cottage on the bouth side of the church common in the was going on, for there was a crowd of vilwas going on, for there was a crowd of vilam afraid I shall be an old woman by that
time." lagers overflowing into the street. An auc-

lagers overflowing into the street. An auclion in a country town is an event, and plenty are ready to buy up at a bargain the furniture and effects of a neighbor who has gone hence.

Nahum Preston, the village auctioneer, who combined in his one person half a dozen different offices and occupations, was in his glory as he presented for sale one lot after another of the late Mr. Drummond's modest possessions. There was an eager, speculative look on the faces of men and women alike, who were keen scented for bargains, notwithstanding the friendly feelings they had entertained for their deceased neighbor.

But among the crowd was one on whose

neighbor.
But among the crowd was one on whose face could be read a grave sadness. This was a boy of 16, Jack Drummond, as he was usually called, who in a short month had lost both parents by a fatal fever, and who now saw his home broken up, and the familiar furniture and belongings scattered among many new possessors.

"Then I'll send for you when in your shear to me, and it would be comes, Jack."
"Will you do me a favor, Jack?" asked Mabel, for the first time showing a degree of bashfulness.
"Of course I will."
"Then, I'll send for you when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for you when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your when in your shear to me, and I'll send for your do me a favor, Jack?"

"Thet's settled then; don't for the first time showing a degree of the partic

familiar furniture and belongings scattered among many new possessors.

Beside him stood a comely, middle-aged woman, neatly but plainly attired, who bore the appearance of respectable poverty. It was Mrs. Hawkins, perhaps the most intimate and valued friend of Jack's mother, in whose house he had taken refuge since the funeral.

"This is a sad day for you, Jack," she said, with gentle sympathy.

"Yes. Mrs. Hawkins," answered Jack.
"They have all been sad days lately. I

"Yes, Mrs. Hawkins," answered Jack.
"They have all been sad days lately. I can't realize it, though I try. Five weeks ago father and mother were both well. Now I have neither father nor mother—nor home." he said, as a tear unbidden came to his eye.
"My house is a poor one, but it shall be you home as long as you like to occupy it,"
"Will you promise to do that, Jack?"
"Yes; I'll promise."
"With this promise Mabel appeared satisfied.

ck."
"You are very kind, Mrs. Hawkins, You are the friend of my dear mother, and "You are very kind, Mrs. Hawkins. You were the friend of my dear mother, and your house is more like home to me than any other. But I cannot stay there."

"Why not, Jack?"
"I have my living to get, and I must go to some larger place for that."

"I think you might find something to do in Floeton."

my husband would take you as an apprentice."

"It would not suit me; I have no taste for it. Besides, suppose I had learned the trade, what sort of a living could I make?"

"Not very good, I am afraid, judging from the experience of Mr. Hawkins. What have you taste for, Jack?"

Before Jack had time to answer the question his attention was drawn to the auctioneer, who had paused in front of an old-fashioned desk, and was saying:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, what shall I have for this desk? It's rather old, but in prime condition, and—"

"That desk musn't be sold!" interrupted Jack, hurriedly, in some excitement.

"I want to leave to write."

As Mabel tripped away Jack carefully folded the ribbon and put it in his vest procket.

"Mabel is a tip-top girl," he said to himself. "Mother always liked her."

CHAPTER III.

JACK COMMENCES HIS JOURNEY.

Three dollars and sixty-seven cents! It was not much, especially as Jack owed fifty cents for the old desk. Mrs. Hawkins protested against receiving it at present, but Jack was resolute about paying it.

"I want to leave the visite."

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"I want to leave the visite of the procket."

Reuben was Mr. Hawkins, and generally known both at home and in the village by his Christian name, often shortened to Kube.

"No: I wont trouble Mr. Hawkins. I can wheel it over myself," said Jack.

"Won't it be too heavy for you, Jack?"

"I am pretty strong for a boy," said Jack. smiling. "If it were larger and heavier I could manage it."

"Just as you please, Jack. It's yours, and—" yet, Mrs. Hawkins; not till I pay for it."

"Not yet, Mrs. Hawkins; not till I pay for it."

"Oh, well, that'll come in time."

Why didn't Jack pay at once? Certainly he could have raised such a paltry sum as fifty cents! I think I hear some of my readers saying this. But to a boy in Jack's present situation fifty cents was a considerable sum. There were funeral expenses and the doctor's bill to be paid out of the modest sum raised by the sale of the household furniture, and there was not likely to be much of a margin.

Nahum Preston called at Jack's new home a few days after the sale.

"Well, Jack," he said, "Tve attended to payin' the bills, iscludin' my own commission, and I've got the receipts in my wallet."

"Iguess I'd better take it," said Jack, "as am going to leave town."
"Goin' to leave Flockton! Where are you goin'?" asked Mr. Preston, with evident

ye got an uncle in the town of Brandon, Charles county, and he may put me in a way to earn a living. I understand he is a rich man."

"Well, mebbe that will be a good plan. He never was here, was he—never visited "Vel".

your folks?"
"No; he didn't take any notice of us. Still, he's a relation, and he might get me a place. That is all I shall ask of him."
"Well, if neighbor Hawkins will be responsible Pli hand over the money. I wouldn't want to run no resk myself."
"T'll be responsible," said Rueben Hawkins, and Jack received his fortune.

MABEL MOORE.

It was the day after the auction. Jack went back to the house which had once been his home, and saw one article after another that had a long familiar look removed by those who had purchased them, and a feeling of loneliness and desolation came over him. The old home for him was no more. All that had made it home was gone forever, scattered here and there, and would never again be collected in one place.

"You don't think we would take from you amy of your little stock of money? You are about the age of my Frank, and I can't help thinking of him in your place." Thank you for you kindness," said Jack, gratefully.

"When you've made your fortune, Jack, let me know," said Frank, as they parted. "I will send for you to make me a visit in that case; but don't be surprised if you don't get the invitation for a month or two."

Service of a living could lyndrog the control of th

"Whew! Are you going to walk all the way?"
"I expect to."
"How far have you walked today?"
"About twenty-five miles."
"That's a good deal farther that I would i ke to walk. I don't like to walk at all. I prefer riding."
"That's because you are so stout, perhaps," said Jack, smiling, as he surveyed the comfortable proportions of his new acquaintance.
"I'm not so stout as I was," said the other boy, who was really under the decusion that

"I'm not so stout as I was." said the other boy, who was really under the delusion that he was growing thinner, though none of his friends could discover it. "What's your name?" "Jack Drummond. What's yours?" "Frank Addison." "You didn't answer my question, I be-lieve, about a place to lodge." "You didn't answer my question, the lieve, about a place to lodge."
"You can stay at our house, if you don't mind sleeping with me."
"I should like your company," said Jack, promptly. "I suppose," he added slyly, "your bed is large enough for both of us."
"If it isn't we'll stretch it," said Frank, smiling.

"Your bed is large enough for both of us."

"If it isn't we'll stretch it," said Frank, smiling.

Jack walked beside Frank, and five minutes later they turned into the yard of Frank's house. It was a pleasant, comfortable house, for Mr. Addison was a man of means.

"Come in and I'll introduce you to my mother," said Frank.

Mrs. Addison gave Jack a cordial weldone, and he very soon felt himself at home. He assisted Frank about his evening chores, and a little before 10 both boys went to bed. Jack was saleep in five minutes, his long walk having made him sleepy, and his new friend wasn't long in following his example.

Frank Addison attended the high school in the central part of the town. After a comfortable breakfast, Jack and he parted company, the former to resume his long walk. He attempted to pay for his lodging, but Mrs. Addison declined, almost indignantly, to accent anything. She had heard Frank's story, and her sympathies were excited for the orphan boy, who was compelled so early to set out in quest of a livelihood.

"You are welcome as my son's friend,"

smerinz. "Th attend to your case presently. I'm going to have some fun with the little crook-back."

Victor's back was turned to the fence, or he would have seen some one jump from the fence and rush across the field. As it was, his first intimation of danger came when he was violently pushed from the side of his victim, and, turning wrathfully, he saw the indignant face of Jack Drummond.

"Het the title crook-back."

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"Het the bout are vouve, was, his first intimation of danger came when he was violently pushed from the swar, his first intimation of danger came when he was violently pushed from the fence and rush across the field. As it was, his first intimation o

would never again be collected in one place.

As he stood leaning against the fence opposite the house, suddenly he felt a hand steal into his.

"I'm so sorry, Jack," said a gentle voice.

"Is it you, Mabel?" said Jack, looking up anddenly.

"Yes, Jack, it is I, and I am so sorry."

The speaker was a girl of 14, with a face

not regularly beautiful, but made attractive by its sweet expression. This was Mabel Moore, the minister's daughter. She had been a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Drummond, and she was a favorite not only with Jack, but with all the boys in the village. If she had been a few years older she might have been called the belle of Flockton.

The position of favorite is a dangerous one, and is likely to make the one who holds it vain and conceited, but it had not injured Mabel. She seemed unconscious that she was prettier or more highly regarded than her companions, and this unconsciousness disarmed those who otherwise might have been jealous of her.

"Mr. Preston called at our house this morning, and he said you were going to leave Flockton," continued Mabel.

"Yes, Mabel."

"Mr. Preston called at our house this morning, and he said you were going to leave Flockton," continued Mabel.

"Yes, Mabel."

"I shall miss you very much."

"Will you, really?" asked Jack, gratified.

"Of course I shall. Did you doubt it?"

"I hoped you would, but I couldn't be sure."

"How long will you be gone, Jack?"

the world with three dollars and sixty-seven cents.

"But you may need more," persisted Mabel.
"Then I'll tell you what I'll do. If I get very hard up I'll write to you, and you can send me the money in a bank-note."
"Will you promise to do that, Jack?"
"Yes; I'll promise."
With this promise Mabel appeared satisfied.
"But there's something else you can give me, Mabel. Will you?"
"Give me that ribbon from your hair."
"But what good will it do you! You are not going to use it for your own hair, are you?" she asked, archly.
"If I did I should be followed by all the boys in the village. No, I will keep it to remember you by."
"Take it then, Jack, for I want you to remember me. You won't forget to write to member me. You won't forget to write to member me. You won't forget to write to "How much shall I pay you?" asked Jack.

member you by."

"Take it then, Jack, for I want you to remember me. You won't forget to write to me?"

"No, I'll be sure to write."

As Mabel tripped away Jack carefully folded the ribbon and put it in his vest pocket.

"Mabel is a tip-top girl," he said to himself. "Mother always liked her."

"Mother always liked her."

"Mapter HI

"Shut up and don't interfere with met"
said Victor, sharply.

Frank was a full head shorter than Victor and knew from experience his tyrannical to character and how impatient he was of contradiction; yet he ventured to add:

"You wouldn't like to be ridiculed if you were in his place, Victor."

"How dare you compare me to a miserable! humpback?" demanded Victor, scowling. "I say, what's your name, humpy?"

"I shan't answer any questions while you call me by that name," said the deformed boy, with natural indignation.

"So you won't, hey? You're mighty independent, little crook-back!"

"Victor!"

"Shut up, Frank Wilson. Do you want me to speak to you again? I want you to mind your own business, or I may give you a hump as big as his."

Victor looked round him with an air of insolent defiance, as if to challenge any of the boys to interfere with him, and then, advancing to the little object of his derision, he felt roughly of his hump, and said.

"I say, little humpy, how do you manage

said.
"I say, little humpy, how do you manage to lie abed with this big bunch growing between your shoulders?"

As he spoke, he pinched the hump, so that the little boy uttered a sharp cry.

As he spoke, he pinched the hump, so that the little boy uttered a sharp cry.
"For shame, Victor!" said Tom Hunt.
"So you put in your oar!" said Victor, sneering. "I'll attend to your case presently. I'm going to have some fun with the little crook-back."
Victor's back was turned to the fence, or he would have seen some one jump from the fence and rush across the field. As it was, his first intimation of danger came when he was violently pushed from the side of his victim, and, turning wrathfully, he saw the indignant face of Jack Drummond.

CHAPTER V.

JACK IS SURPRISED.

At Jack's unexpected interference, Victor turned quite white with rage. He had been in the habit of having his own way, partly because he was strong and muscular, partly because his father was rich and influential. "Thrash me!" he repeated furiously. "You are the most audacious young seamp I ever met. Do you know who I am?"

"I don't know who you are, but I know what you are." returned Jack, undaunted, "What am I?" demanded Victor, looking dangerous.

ryon are a contemptible bully," said Jack.

"Take that for your impudence!" said Victor, beside himself with anger.

With this he aimed a blow at Jack's face, but the latter had a quick eye and a quick hand. He parried it, and Victor, who had not thought it uecessary to put himself on guard, received a blow in the breast which staggered him.

"Then you'll have to begin with me," said Jack, and he spoke truly.

Jack. calmly.

"I mean to."

Victor renewed the attack, but he found that he had undertaken a large contract.

Rage made him incautious, while Jack was cool and wary, and, moreover, understood more about fighting than Victor, having some elementary knowledge of boxing.

The result was that in less than two minutes Victor found himself flat on his back, looking up to the sky with a dazed sensation, as if he had come in contact with a battering-ram.

prised.
"Jack Drummond!" repeated Tom Hunt, 'Do you know who you were fighting

th?"
No: how should I?"
'It was Victor Drummond. Are you any lation to him?"
'Is he the son of Joel Drummond?" asked

"You heard of my father's death, did you not?" asked Jack.
"Yes. Died of a fever, didn't he?"
"Yes; and I have lost my mother, too," answered Jack, with quivering lip.
"I am sorry, of course, but you know we must all die," said Mr. Joel Drummond, in

answered Jack, with quivering lip.

"I am sorry, of course, but you know we must all die," said Mr. Joel Drummond, in a tone utterly devoid of sympathy.

"I know that, Uncle Joel; but I hoped they would live to be old—till I was a man."

"We can't all live to be old Man proposes and God disposes. But you haven't told me what brings you here."

Jack's heart began to fail him. His uncle's manner did not augur very well for the help which he had hoped for.

"My father left no property," he explained. "When the funeral expenses were paid there was nothing left—except a few dollars, less than five."

Joel Drummond frowned.

"Why didn't your father insure his life?" he demanded. "Really, it was very reprehensible to leave his son so unprovided for."

Jack could not bear to hear his father blamed, and he answered:

"I think he would, but lately he has been very much straitened. Business was poor, and he had all he could do to make both ends meet."

"It would lave paid him to run in debt

or those of his own household, as the Bible says—"He provided for us as long as he lived, Uncle Joel."
"Well, it's too late now, at any rate, to remedy matters. You haven't told we why you came here?"
"I thought perhaps, Uncle Joel, you could find me a position where I could earn my living." said Jack, looking earnestly into his uncle's face.
"Humph! couldn't you find work in Flockton?" "Humph! couldn't you find work in Flockton?"
"No; unless to work on a farm."
"Then why didn't you work on a farm. It's good, healthy work."
"I don't think I shoul! I the it."
"Too hard for you, perhaps," sne red Joel Drummond. "I he expect me

"I'll thrash him and you both," shouted Victor.

"Then you'll have to begin with me," said Jack, and he spoke truly.

"That sounds well, if you mean it. Is that your baggage?" pointing to the carpetter that an errand boy was scarcely needed, but he was glad to have his wife's consent to his plan. He wished Jack had not come to Brandon, but since he had, he could not very well have.

cool and wary, and, moreover, understood more about fighting than Victor, having some elementary knowledge of boxing. The result was that in less than two minutes Victor found himself flat on his back, looking up to the sky with a dazed sensation, as if he had come in contact with a battering-ram.

Jack stood quietly by and permitted his antagonist to get up. He placed himself in a defensive position, apprehending another attack.

But Victor was not fond of fighting unless he had a weaker opponent. He had come to the hasty conclusion that Jack was his inferior in skill and strength, and would prove an easy victim. But he began to suspect that he had made a mistake. He did not renew hostilities, but, saying furiously, "You will hear from me again!" marched sullenly off the ground.

Jack felt a small hand pressing his with fervor, and looking down, saw that it was the deformed boy.

"How strong you are!" he said, admiringly. "And you are as kind as you are strong."

"Oh, it was only a trifie," said Jack, for it made him feel bashful to be thanked.

"It was not a trifie to me," said the little boy. "He was very cruel to me. As if I

wondered how long before they, too, would vanish.

CHAPTER IV.

As Jack of entered the principal street of Branch and the street of Branch and the

is my uncle." en you are cousin to Master Victor?" "Yes. I suppose so."
"I wonder you wasn't put with him. He's
got a big room with two beds in it."
"Perhaps he wouldn't like my company."
said Jack smiling. In his heart he felt

said Jack smiling. In his heart he lest quite sure of it.

"Or you mightn't like his," said the ser-vant. "He ain't got the temper of an angel, Master Victor."

"I am sure of that." thought Jack.

"Have you seen Master Victor?" asked the servant, who was inclined to be so-ciable.

the end of which they came to a long, ugly-looking brick building, four stories in height.

"There is the factory," said Frank, "and there in the corner you will find your uncle's office."

CHAPTER VI.

Jack entered the office through the partly open door. At a desk in the corner sat a man of apparently fifty, who bore a resemblance, as Jack could see, to the father whom he had so recentily lost. There was a difference, however. In place of the placid, amiable expression which his father's face generally wore, this man looked sharp, keen, and selfish. Such was indeed his character, for his nephew, though unskilled as a physiognomist, read him aright at the first glance.

He was busy in writing a letter, and did not immediately look up.
Jack stood hesitating on the threshold for a moment. Then, seeing that he must make his presence known, he said: "Do I speak to Mr. Joel Drummond?"

Mr. Drummond glanced at the intruder, and said, in a business-like tone: "That is my name, boy. What is your business with me?" MR. JOEL DRUMMOND.

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Jack stood hesitating on the threshold for a moment. Then, seeing that he must make his presence known, he said: "Do I speak to Mr. Joel Drummond?"

Mr. Drummond glanced at the intruder, and said, in a business-like tone: "That is my name, boy. What is your business with me?"

"My name is Jack Drummond, and I suppose I could get a boarding place in the village," said Jack, calmly. It occurred to him that it would be more agreeable to live where he would be free and independent, than in the same house as Victor. Victor was surprised again. He did not understand Jack. He had persuaded limself that his cousin wished to live on the bounty of his father, and he had to reven the lower of the house if he could, but now that he round his despised cousin had little wish to remain, he veered about and became in favor of keeping him. A subtle scheme of the house had suggosted itself to him. He would ask his father, and he had to reven the had suggosted itself to him. He would ask his father, and he had to reven the had a meant to keep Jack out of the house in the village," said Jack, calmly. It occurred to him that it would be more agreeable to live where he would be free and independent, than in the same house as Victor. Victor was surprised again. He did not inwelf that his cousin wished to live on the bounty of his father, and he had to remain, he veered about and became in favor of keeping him. A stubtle scheme of the house had a suggested cousin had little wish to

my name, boy. What is your business with me?"
"My name is Jack Drummond, and I suppose you are my uncle."
Mr. Drummond looked unpleasantly surprised.
"What brings you here?" he asked abruptly.
"You heard of my father's death, did you not?" asked Jack.
"Shall we be friends, Victor?" asked Jack, who felt that it would be becoming to tender the olive branch. "I am sorry that we have had any unpleasantness." "I accept your apology," said Victor, unexpectedly.
Jack was about to explain that he had not apploprized, and saw no occasion to, but

ot applogized, and saw no occasion to, but Victor turned round and went down stairs before he could get the chance.

"Perhaps, after all, I had better say no more about it," thought Jack. "Victor may prove more agreeable than I thought him. It isn't best to judge too harshly. All of us do things that we are afterwards sorry for." Victor went down stairs and sought his "Yeth" went down stars and sought his mother.
"Well," he said, "I've seen that boy."
"You mean your cousin?"
"Yes."
"I am vexed that he should have come here. I don't care to harbor any poor relations."

ny lather left no property," he explained. "When the funeral expenses were paid there was nothing left—except a few dollars, less than five."

Joel Drummond frowned.

"Why didn't your father insure his life?" he demanded. "Really, it was very reprehensible to leave his son so unprovided for."

Jack could not bear to hear his father blamed, and he answered:

"I think he would, but lately he has been very much straitened. Business was poor, and he had all he could do to make both ends meet."

"It would have paid him to run in debt for such an object as that. It could have been paid out of the insurance money. I am out of patience with men who are so thoughtless. A man who does not provide for those of his own household, as the Bible says—"

"He provided for reas a long as he lived."

"It left you my idea, mother. He wants father to support him, and this will give

"I know very little about him," said Mrs.
Drummond.
"I'll tell you my idea, mother. He wants
father to support him, and this will give
him a chance to earn his living. If he gets
dissatisfied he can leave, and father won't
feel obliged to help him any more."
"I don't know but you are right, Victor.
As you say, if he wants a home, he should
make himself useful."
When Mr. Drummond returned home in
the afternoon, it was not whithout approhention that he broached the subject of his
nephew remaining in the house. He understood very well the disposition of his
wife and son, and anticipated opposition.
He was rather agreeably surprised when he
found that his wife did not object to Jack's
remaining.

turn him out of doors.

"That arrangement will do for the present," he said.
"Now, Master Jack," thought Victor,
"Til soon show you that you have got a master." master."
In the evening Mr. Drummond managed to have a talk with Jack about his future

plans.
"You can remain here, Jack, for a time,"
he said. "We can make you useful about
the house, running errands, and so on. Victor suggested this, and I think favorably of
it." Did Victor suggest it?" asked Jack, puz-

zled.
"Yes; you are about his age, and will be company for him. I hope you will be good friends." friends."
"I hope so," answered Jack, but he did not feel altogether certain. He had hardly expected that Victor would be in favor of his remaining.
"Perhaps I have been mistaken in him," he thought. nought.
e next morning, before Victor went to
ol, he managed to find an errand for

ack.
"Go down to the river and clean out my oat," he said, giving the requisite directors for finding it, "and when you get ome dig some worms, for I am going fishing after wheel." Do you hear?" "And when you have attended to this go

You will find the blacking and brushes in the shed."

Jack looked intently at his cousin, but did not answer.

"I wonder what he takes me for?" thought Jack. "I don't propose to black his shoes, or any others, except my own. I'll clean out the boat; I don't object to that. I begin to think I sha'n't stay long in Brandon, unless uncle gets me a place in the factory."

LOVE-TIME.

When the mercury is ninety in the shade,

And the hammock in a quiet nook is swayed In the glade; In the glade;
When the bird with gaping bill
Drinks the sunshine to distil
Into song whene'er he will—
That's the time and place to woo
A blushing maid,

hough 'most any other time and place will do. When the autumn sear is laid upon the land, And the lazy ocean laps the shifting strand Where you stand,

And the daisies droop and die— Droop like blushing maiden's eye Who is kissed upon the sly— That's the time and place to ask
A maiden's hand,

When the winter winds, engaged in blust'ring strife, Seem as nature's passions bursting into life: When are rife Hoary frost and fleecy snow; When the home-hearth is aglow, Like the heart love's breezes blow-

Though 'most any other time will do instad. Odd Items from Everywhere.

alive.

There are 3000 women in Philadelphia who make a living at shirt-making.

Ice is piled on the stage of a Kansas City theatre to make the audience feel cool.

A Gwinnett county Georgian boasts of having eaten eleven pounds of granulated sugar at one sitting.

Japanese laws compel fish to be sold

A Gwinnett county Georgian boasts of having eaten eleven pounds of granulated sugar at one sitting.

Three St. Johnsbury, Vt., women, while berrying, were kept treed by a mad bull for three hours or more.

The typical baby walks in forty-seven weeks, kisses in twelve months and jumps in twenty-seven months.

A man who was caught in the overflow near Humboldt, Kan, lived two days in a tree on hickory leaves.

The highest chimney in the world is the St. Rollox, near Glasgow, Scotland, which is 423 feet. It is cylindrical in form.

Nearly every Dakota editor has his sanctum decorated with cornstalks twelve feet high, with well-developed ears sixteen inches long.

When the last spike in the street railroad at Rome, Ga., was driven, a horse-shoe was nailed on a tie, at each end of the road, for good luck.

The Holliston (Cal.) Advance feels jubilant because Hollister is to have a five-cent beer saloon, another confession of the effects of a hard year.

The Griftin (Ga.) News tells a pathetic story of a remarkable cat in that town that turned gray in a night from grief at being separated from its mother.

During a recent storm at Lancaster, Penn., lightning struck a horse and tore of the sugar and tore of the part of the sugar and tore of the sugar and the sugar and tore of the sugar and to the sugar and to the sugar and the sugar and the sugar and to the sugar and th

with a certain class of action
with a certain class of action
The press has the right of way in this
Western country, and you can bet your
reputation and win every time that she's
a dangerous old buzz saw to monkey with
—Idaho Springs (Col.) Gazette.

Two young Philadelphia sportsmen were
recently treed for a whole day up in Potter
country by a bear, which, as was afterward
found out, was perfectly tame—an escaped
pet; but they paid \$20 for the privilege of
shooting it.

Miss Harrison of Phoentxyille, Penn., who
recently became suddenly insane, constantily talks in rhymes. Miss Kate Ellas of Tod
township, Penn., labors under the halucination that she is the commander of the
army of the Potomac.

In Rio Janeiro is a large and gloomy convent in which the wives of soldiers are confined during their husbands' absence. The
barbarous custom is sanctioned by age, and
one woman has been confined twenty-five
long and dreary years.

A pretty woman at Albany, Ga., is
engaged in the rathor peculiar work of destroving every picture of herself that has
ever been made. She thinks she has secured them all but one photograph, and she
has inst written a distance of nearly 1000
in lies for that.

Chicago has an ice-cream factory. The
recipe calls for five gallons of skim milk,
one margarine oil, sixteen ounces of corn starci
and an ounce of gelatine. Boil in a copper
vacuum pan. The suety flavor is best concalceled by the use of vanilla flavoring.

In Sweden if you address the poorest
person in the street you must raise your
hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the
stairs of a hotel must do the same. Toenter a shop or bank with one's hat on is
one and an ounce of gelatine. Boil in a copper
you hand the monogram has no D on it.

The work of the county of the privilege of
the red devils, the testimony was cortooling the history of the privilege of
the red devils, the testimony was cortooling the history of the privilege of
the red devils. The monogram on a bit of
famme.

How the free is the monocary for the privil

BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS;

"THAT WIFE OF MINE." ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

AUTHOR OF "THAT HUSBAND OF MINE."

as the long letter she wrote to Duke testified.

as the long letter she wrote to Duke testified.

"It was my house after all, and the man with the dark, melting eyes, that went to my heart, was my very own father. I never dared to tell exactly how I felt toward him after that speech and smile, only I hungered and thirsted just for a sight of him; and I am sorry to say that, when I found Dora was there and holding that relation to him which I now hold. I was jealous, wickedly jealous, for, poor girl, she has no right at all to the name, and she has been very sick. I tried to nurse her, but for a long time she seemed to feel such a deep resentment toward me that I could do nothing, much as I pitied her. She is getting well now, and does not seem to hate me though she is still very distant and when I compare cases and put myself in her place, I really pity her so much that I am all the time forgiving her.

"I seem to hear you ask what I shall do now? Keep right on at the institute, papa (my own, own father) says, and do exactly as I should have done if I had had no one but myself to depend upon. It is beautiful to see him so content. Every day he seems to grow younger and happier. I don't think Mrs. Dutton quite forgives me for coming into the family, but she is very kind in her formal manner.

"Poor, old Professor Etchlin is as much rejoiced over my good fortune as any one I meet. Madame Socky says she always saw good luck before me, and knew I would rise in the world. Now, Duke, it's too bad that CHAPTER XIV.

THE BANKER'S ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

The fourth concert of the Institute Conservatory was, on the whole, the most brilliant of the series so far. It was all instrumental, and as Barbara's part was the most difficult and came last, she had time to collect her faculties. She knew that as soon as her violin was in position, and her eyes were on the notes, all the rest was easy, for she had practised till she carried the whole score in her brain. When she rose and lifted her violin at a given signal, Mrs. Dutton and Dora exchanged surprised glances, and there was a murmur all over the room. Surely no sweeter sight was ever seen than she in her fresh youth, standing between those bearded professors. Everybody was on the alert, everybody whispering how sweet and modest and beautiful she locked. The banker did not move. His eyes were rivetted upon her face—only once, when she paused for some movements, and her right hand fluttered to her brow and over her eyes; then, his face changed color, and for a moment he was as

"We decided," he wrote, "two or three At the close of the concert the director came forward. At the close of the concert the director came forward.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "there is in the constitution of this association an offer of award called the medal of honor," to any person who passes a certain grade in counterpoint before the close of the session. This has never been done by one of our scholars since the founding of the institution, till this year, and it will be given to the young lady, Miss Barbara Gowan, who has played the violin this evening. Will Mr. Dutton step forward?

It was all so sudden that Barbara, her steps arrested, and then led forward by the second director, was atterly unprepared, and looked about her for a way of escape. She sawthe glittering medal that the bankertook out of his breast pocket, attached to a pink ribbon, and her heart almost stood still.

"'Did you register as Duke Gowan?' he asked.
"I did sir,' was my reply.
"Have you any idea who I am?' he asked.
"Not the least in the world, sir,' said 1.
"My name is Gabriel Jecko!"
"I was thunderstruck, for I protest I had quite given up the man—never expected to meet him—thought him gone on the other side of the water.
"'Ah,' I said, and I felt the blood rush to my face; 'you were Grandpa Gowan's partner. ing tone, he said:
"Barbara Dutton! According to the wishes of the directors of this institution, I have the honor and the pleasure of awarding you the medal of honor?"

Barbara Dutton!

to my face; 'you were Grandpa Gowan's partner.'

"Yes, and I have been searching for Mr. Gowan for the last twelve months, ever since I came from the mines. Where is he?"

"I didn't say anything, for I couldn't. I just pointed, you know how. Poor, dear, old grandba!

"What! gone?' he said, and I could see that he folt it. 'Then I am too late after have the honor and the pleasure of awarding you the medał of honor?"

Barbara Dutton!

Was it a mistake? Had he in his excitement forgotten himself? Could he forget himself, and still not rectify the mistake? One of the directors spoke to him, and he only smiled. Then he took Barbara's trembling hand, and led her to his own seat, placing her beside him, and for a minute not relinquishing her hand.

What was she to think?
"Mamma—it's outrageous!" whispered Dora, "to give her my place. He insults me. What can it mean""
"How can I tell, child?" answered Mrs. "What! gone?' he said, and I could see that he felt it. 'Then I am too late after all. Perhaps he told you about it—there are some business matters that must be settled between his heirs and myself. Your state father was

seat, placing her beside him, and for a minute not relinquishing her hand.

What was she to think?

"Mamma—it's outrageous!" whispered Dora, "to give her my place. He insults me. What can it mean"!

"How can I tell, child?" answered Mrs. Dutton, her lips white, "unless your father as taken leave of his senses."

Everybody was talking of this freak of the banker. It was a new sensation.

"Easily enough explained," said Lelia Martin. "I can see through it all. Why, of course he was so proud of her, that he adopted her on the spot. She hasn't got anybody—Duke Gowanisn't her brother, so a I have heard."

"Such nobodies always come up in this "Don't you call her a nobody while I'm around," said Lelia, "because if Mr. Dutton han't adopted her, I have, and I won't hear anything against her. I'm quite sure she isn't a nobody;" and Lelia's fiashing eyes if not her tengue silenced Miss Sheltz.

And Barbara!

Between his helrs and myself. Your grand-father was my partner and my dearest friend. He helped me when I hadn't a dollar to help myself with. He was one of the noblest men God ever put upon earth, but he couldn't make money. There was a little child left in his care. Did he ever find her family?"

"I told him not as yet.

"Then he went on to tell me some instances that led me to think he might have a direct clew to your father, at least, and promised me to spare no pains or money on his return to find this person whose name he has forgotten, but has it on tablets at that must be extend to delicate when I hadn't a dollar to help myself with. He was one of the noblest men God ever put upon earth, but he couldn't make money. There was a little child left in his care. Did he refind her family?"

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During a recent storm at Lancaster, Penn., lightning struck a horse and tore of three of the animal's shoes, but did not intered for the said and the last spike in the street railroad at Rome. Ga., was driven, a horse-she was quite incapable of thought or action. What right had he to give her is name, to lead her from the platform, to hold her hand? And in going out he kept her close, close.

"There is room enough in the carriage," he said, when Barbara drew beak; "my child, you have a right there." "There is room enough in the carriage," he said, when Barbara drew beak; "my child, you have a right there." "Papa, I'll get out!" said Dora, furfous.

"We'll wait till we drive home," said the banker, quietly; and as he shut the door and nobody but the coach man could open it easily, she was obliged to sit there and swallow her wrath, Perhaps he was afraid to give her in promise. I performs. 'I am so glad for myself! so glad to my clad for you! so glad for myself! so glad to my clad for you! so glad for myself! so glad to my clad for you! so glad for myself! so glad to my clad for you! so glad for myself! so glad to my clad for you! so glad for myself! so glad for you! so glad for myself! so one present the hand of his protector.

"To you give wind I would arise you doing here?" he demand "I would arise you doing here?" he demand "I would arise you doing here?" he demand "I would arise to know why you are right. Were you will be an an orbor with know they you are right. Were you will you direct much are right will easily a will be an orbor will be a will be an orbor will be an orbor will be a will be an orbor will be an orbor will be a will be an orbor will be a will be an orbor will be a wil

In many ways, other carefully and eleganty attired, they made the home circle complete.

Then the banker gave again the party of the season, at which all the elite of the city were present; and among them, conspicuous by the unusual attention accorded them, were old Professor Etchlin, who played with Barbara to Dora's accompaniment, Madame Socky, in a brilliant Russian costume got up for the occasion, the little dressmaker and the slim milliner, who had been Barbara's friends in her days of adversity, and with the rest, his eyes shining with delight at Barbara's beauty and good fortune, the red-faced, red-bearded Gabriel Jecko, the millionnaire and "Grandpa Gowan's partner."

[THE END.]
Mr. Proctor and American Ciris. (R. A. Proctor in New York Tribune.)
"I'm writing a book on America, and I think I'm qualified to do it if any one is. I've been in the country since '74, seen all parts, East, West, South and North; married into an American family—my wife belongs in St. Joseph, Mo.—and sent my children to American schools. I detest the way many Englishmen have of running through America and then undertaking to tell more about it than they could about their own home. The way in which they try to analyze and classify the American girls is, to say the least, unfortunate. Some recent writer goes so far as to admit two classes. The idea is simply preposterous. Now my wife has four lovely sisters with whom I am dead in love. In fact I'm always falling in love with American women, and I wouldn't undertake to relegate them respectively to any four classes, but this wiseacre takes the millions of girls in this country and calmly pins them down to his two narrow classes."

the considered a terrible breach of cood manners.

"I saw it on a handkerchief in your box,
when I looked for the eye-classes," sho
should be compared to the same To
enter a shop or bank with one's hat on
a considered a terrible breach of cood manners.

"I saw it on a handkerchief in your box,
when I looked for the eye-classes," sho
and the strength of the same To
are the sam

D TENOR.

CHORUS. 1st and 2d Verses.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

DIED JULY 23, 1885.

His work is done— The strife is over—he has reached the goal: No more for him, while stars or seasons roll, hall toil or tumult, pain or sorrow come o break the trance of his eternal calm. o more, while grasses grow or waters run, Shall troublous days assail that soldier soul
That now hath rounded out its perfect sum
Of glory and of suffering, shade and sun:
For every hurt now death hath brought the balm.
No more of battles fought or victories won—
At last the cypress mingles with the palm—
His work is done.

How the deep cannon boom! Not that loud, jubilant, destructive roar, That feverous throbbing at the battle's core, That palpitant thunder, eloq ent of doom, When smoke hangs heavy over hill and plain, And the fines stagger in the iron rain; But melancholy, sad and slow—so slow!
As if they also felt the general gloom,
And, mourning heavily in sullen pain,
Thus anguished for their master lying low.

"Why wake ye us, since him we cannot wake? We served him well on many a famous field
When, e'er the night came, victory was sealed
In blood of brave met. fallen—now we make
Our last lament above him all in vain.
What recks he of our pleading? he hath ta'en
His flight from earth for ever—wherefore break
Our selemp silence, since atthough we spake Our solemn silence, since although we spake As in one mighty voice deafening the main. Rending the skies and making the earth quake, He would not wake!

The air is soft today

And wanders free among the fields of grain,—
The broad bright air that in its vagrant play
At times seems half to sadden as in pain,
Seeking for one it shall not find again;
But though it wander from our sterile shore
Of barren reach, sait marsh and headland hoar,
Far westward to that El Doradian strand
Where California, girt with golden sand.
Smiles to the East; or on its backward way
Sweep downward from Superior, blithe and gay, Sweep downward from Superior, blithe and gay, With tireless pinion till it reach the mouth Of that great river which is North and South. One nation only will its breezes fan From lands of snow and ice to lands of drouth, One Union, keeping time himself at bay, Of States in indestructible a ray, For which through God we thank this silent man Who kept America American.

Out of the breast Of the illimitable, changing West Came this, our leader in the wars now gone; Out of the breast

Out of the breast
Of the all-prodigal, producing West
Came this, the man who led our armies on
Through the red mist of those tremendous days
That swept and billowed 'round us like a flood:
And though at times the tensest heart grew slack.
A-weary and uncertain of the track
(So clogged with corpses, slippery wet with blood),
His clear eye ever pierced the crimson haze.
Seeing, beyond, the point for which he planned,
That happy country shining through the maze,
Smilling with flocks and herds and peaceful ways—
Saw swelling slones their sunny wealth expand.

Out of the West For us our army leader Fate impressed. Out of the West

Out of the West
The nation's leader, too, above his peers
Arose tall-towering in the fateful years;
We saw him then, as the world sees him now,
With martyrdom forewritten on his brow— The huge, gaunt, hollow-cheeked and kindly-eyed Man of the miry swamp and prairies wide, Strange to the East, strong from the soil's embrace, Patient, adroit. firm, supple, shrewdly wise, Fever and ague in his honest face, And heaven's own mercy in his honest eyes. Out of the West

Out of the West
Came the two men who proved to be the best:
The nation called with confidence sublime,
And forth they stepped who stood the iron test,
These two, the best,
Framed for the needs and uses of their time.
O people trebly blest!
O hanny happy West!

O happy, happy West!

Let none deny her—her's the right to vaunt—
She gave us Lincoln and she gave us Grant.

A common man
Of true proportion, fashioned on the plan
Approved by deeds—the type American; Great, too, but not in forms of fluent speech Which flash and dazzle oftener than they teach: No corruscating brilliance made him great, to blinding brightness, haply found too late To be a curse and menace to the State But great in action, temperate, sober-hued, Despising show, war's trappings and its sheen; Only with love of truth and right imbued.

But in the land for which his life was spent,

East, West, or North, or South, it matters no

from sea to centre there is not a spot

nowned, Lying beneath it without monument.

He has his rights in every foot of ground Between the oceans—and so let him rest

In the great city under some vast dome.

Tenant at will in fee perpetual. So, to the martial dirges, bear him forth, And lay him by that river of the North,

And there at rest, upon that wooded knoll.

NOTEWORTHY INCIDENTS

That Tend to Show Some of the Pecul-

iar Phases of Grant's Character.

Pittsburg Commercial.

A prominent minister of the M. E. Church

South), whose home was near Appointtox

court House, tells the following story of

"The night after Lee's surrender my

house was full of Union generals. There were Sheridan, Humphreys. Meade,

Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others, and they were quite jolly,

with the exception of one officer whom

noticed sitting in a corner, smoking and aking but little part in the sports in which

the rest were engaged. They all went out of the house but this man, and as I was

going out he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink.

on offering to get him some water, he said: 'No, sir; I am younger than you. I will go myself,' And as I passed out he came up behind me. When in about the middle of the hall my little

passed out the came up beamed me, when in about the middle of the hall my little granddaughter came running toward me, but the man, spreading out both arms, caught her, taking her up and fairly smothering ber with kisses, said: "This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me feel homesick." To the question, "Where is your home?" he reblied. "Galena, III., but I have my family at City Point, and am anxious to get back to them. I said, "Will you permit me to ask your name?" 'Certainly. My name is Grant.' 'Grant!' exclaimed I. 'General Grant?' and I stood there awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment, and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher, and I looked for a man looking as savage as a Comanche Indian."

His Kind Heart.

(Washington Despatch in N. Y. Herald.)

"General Grant was a very sympathetic nan," said one of his personai friends here

today, "though people generally believed the contrary. They regarded him as hard-

hearted, caring but little for what others felt or thought. This, however, was not

true. I'll give you an instance to illustrate what I mean. While he was president he preferred to drive out by himself in the evenings. Being an admirer of blood and speed, he always had a fast roadster. He

Beside the current flowing still and deep, Between its rocky barriers sheer and stee While the wave dashes and the ages roll,

America her solemn watch shall keep

Wherever reverent choice may deem it best:

matter what emergency might rise What imminent danger underneath the skies, Sure of himself, he needed but to scan The risk to meet it steady-eyed and fair; And for the rest let history declare Was ever equal to it then and ther

Ghosts of great fights seem ghost-like to appear; The phantom warriors pass before our eyes, And all the air grows big with memories; And all the air grows big with memories; We hear the guns of Belmont, whereat first Upon the foe all suddenly he burst; And when, hemmed in, turned lion-like at bay And back to camp and safety cut his way; Next Henry felt him-won, but hardly wo Ere half-forgotten—so his work was done— Drowned in the mightier crash of Donelson; Thence Southward sweeping on his conquerin

way; At Shiloh on that first disastrous day Wavered a moment in his onward course, Matched first with Albert Sidney and his force; But all in vain—the ever mounting star That seemed to vanish in the clouds of war On that first day, pale, perishing, forlorn, Arose red-radiant on the second morn, And on to victory led his fortune's flood, Burnished and brightened from the sea of blood

Next Father Mississippi trembling heard A sound to which his deepest depths were stirred When, to the steady, deathful engine-beat Of bellowing mortars and the roaring fleet, Inexorable, swift, without appeal. The man who mapped the course and held the

Round Vicksburg flung his fatal ring of steel: No rest—the triumph only as a bridge To lead him to the heights of Mission Ridge And Lookout mountain where his cannon loud Dutdid the thunder in its native cloud: Thence eastward, as 'twas fit that it should be, To measure swords with the unconquered Lee

How for nine days each northward-going gale Blew heavy with the tidings of the fight— Battle by day and battle by the night— Eleached in the thickets of the Wilderness;
But hour by hour, as thicker grew the smoke,
His tireless guns the ceaseless echoes woke;
The giant still kept up his hammer stroke
Until the foeman, beaten from the woods,
Across the open and beyond the floods,
Still struggling fierce, as last found scant relief Behind the lines of Petersburg, and brief; Close-corraled there, no chance to give the slip, At last Grant held him in his iron grip.

With Appomattox came
The welcome end of slaughter and of flame—
Surrender, but surrender without shame; They were our brothers, those who wore the gray High-hearted, whom defeat could never tame; No braver men, let him who will say nay, E'er faced a foeman on the field than they, The ragged heroes, of our blood the same, Who sad and silent stacked their arms that day.

But when the strife was ended greater far; Courage is good, and constance and skill, But magnanimity is noblest still. Let lesser men exuit—heaven made them so—

But not for him who dealt the conquering blow;
He could not triumph o'er a fallen foe—
The fight was done;
"Let your men keep their horses every one,
They'll need them for the ploughing"; thus he said
Then smiling waved away the proffered blade;
"No keep it general such is my will. "No, keep it, general, such is my will;
A brave man wore it—let him wear it still."
Too full for words, back rode the Southern chief His gratitude outrivalling his grief: But when his watchful men who made no sign But when his watering in the who made no sign Spied him afar, O joy beyond bellef? Returning as he went, their chief adored, To hear the shouts that broke along the line— Lee had his sword!

Is come to bim that had the world to friend-He will not hearken or to praise or blame; He, whom the shock of war could never bend, Has passed beyond the battle—voices blend From many lands, all raised in one acclaim

List to the bell. List to the bell.

Of earthly honors the eternal knell!

"Nothing remains—
Life's goods and gains

Are now as dust and ashes"; this the spell,
The warning that seems evermore to dwell

Within the meaning of its rhythmic swell;
Nothing remains
Except the solid fabric of his fame
And the immortal splendor of his name.

What matter where he lies?

U. S. GRANT. A MEMORIAL ODE.



1. Our hearts were sore . . a - fraid; Peace fled from we.... should weep O'er our dead 2. 'Tis fit then PIANO OF ORGAN. 0 a tempo. Ø . #Ø . 0 0 10. Foul trea - son Ø · #Ø · g: g g %: His peer - less name!.... hearts . . grave deep loud . . . disdain, flag . . . in twain, With taunt and 0 -0-. -0-. he made One, Now owns her The Coun - try A - gainst our Gives death - less And Earth, for grand deeds done,

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men, and fighting his battles over and over again.

Colonel Stewart looks very much as General Grant did half a dozen years ago. He has the same sharp eyes and short, thick, iron-gray beard of the dead commander, and his frame resembles that of the general a few years ago. The colonel has a soldier's admiration for his dead commander, and firmly believes that when death came to Mount McGregor it carried off one of the most brilliant military men the world has ever seen.

most brilliant military men the world has ever seen.

"There has been," said the colonel, "no little amount of talk attempting to prove that General Grant was a drinking man. I know he wasn't. Of course he might take a glass, just as you and I would; but he was not by any means a man addicted to drink. I only saw him take one glass of whiskey during the war. But that glass—well it was a whopper. I think it was on the night of February 23, '63, down at Vicksburg. We were all pretty tired, and sat in the cabin of the river steamer, the Magnolia, waiting for the morning. My stateroom was next to the general's, and I was thinking of turning in when the general said to McPherson, "See here, before we go to bed

Let Us Have a Nightcap.

Let Us Have a Nightcap. Stewart has got some prime Old Crow whiskey around here somewhere.' I went to my general filled a goblet-not a little one, but

stateroom and brought out the bottle. The general filled a goblet—not a little one, but a good big goblet—to the brim with that Old Crow whiskey, and he tossed it off. It was a whopping big drink, and the only one I ever saw the general take during all the years I was with him. If General Grant did drink, certainly no one ever knew it. He was always calm, quiet and self-possessed, whether in the heat of condict or after the battle. He was not a soldier 'full of strange oaths.' I never heard him use a profane word in my life."

"There was another episode in the siege of Vicksburg," said the colonel, leaning back in his chair. "Perhaps you will recall the adverse criticism that was heaped upon General Grant when he was digging the big trench before the city. Every one said, What in earth is he going to do with that trench? What use is it? No one knew, and finally one of the officers went to the general and asked why he was digging the trench. 'Do you think,' one of the officers asked, 'you are going to do much good with that trench?" I have done it,' General Grant replied, and at the same time gave orders that the trench should be filled up. Bless your soul, he was only keeping his men at work so their joints wouldn't stiffen in the tents, and they would go upon the field hardened soldiers, and not weak from lassitude.

"You know there was another general

speed, he always had a fast roadster. He would not take any one's dust unless the other happened to have a faster horse. One afternoon in starting out, and before he got out of the city limits he let his horse go at a very rapid gait. By an accident which is liable to happen at times to even the most careful drivers, he ran over a boy, injuring him rather seriously. A policeman who saw that he was driving faster than the legal gait of six miles an hour placed him under arrest, requiring him to accompany him to the police station, where he left \$20 as collateral for his appearance the next morning. Of course he did not appear for trial, and the \$20, the usual fine in such cases, was forfeited to the district. Before starting to the police station General Grant carried the boy to his residence, and sent after a physician, who attended him, and regularly, until the boy had fully recovered. General Grant, visited the boy, and made his illness as pleasant as he could. One of the last things General Grant did while president was to request the appointment of the boy as a messenger in the Treasury Department. He has been in that department ever since. In November last the boy—now a young man—wrote to General Grant, asking his influence in having him kept in office under the new administration. General Grant sent him a letter which will keep him in his place."

ANDUDIES ADOUT GRANT.

The rest of the string will, and a hard worker. I recollect might after night when we would be all askep the General would be sitting by his learny than the mass before him and half away, had in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is a way, half in a dream and half away, he is a way, half in a dream and half away, he is a way, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even at the expense of breaking dway, half in a dream and half away, he is the store even the most mining may and the tree is about the store even the man thalf away, he is the

McPherson will have had time to come to

The Skirmish is Half Over

your assistance, and together you can rout Pemberton.' This was to prevent the rebel eader from fortifying himself. It worked like a charm. Carr crossed over to Pemlike a charm. Carr crossed over to Pemberton, attacked him, and in the middle of the conflict McPherson came down with his men. Champion hills was won, just as Grant had said, and just as though Pemberton knew Grant's plans and wanted to help him mature them. The general made the circumstances before they made him."

"This was the way all the little skirmishes that were the foundation stones of his viothe circumstances before they made him, circumstances before they made him; and the morning in question. Alexander two months; and there showed that the dath the warehing one of the first the morning in question. Alexander two months; and there showed that the warehing one sauntering over the danger our sample of the morning in question. Alexander two months; and the title him; and there showed that the warehing of the recognized it, the shouted: "Stoop down; of the recognized it, the shouted: "Stoop down; as the first to discover two persons sauntering over the danger our stoop intended that the warehing of the recognized it, the shouted: "Stoop down; as the first to discover on the alert. Without stoop intended him and the sample of the recognized it, the shouted: "Stoop down; of the recognized it, the shouted: "Stoop down and the reco

if so they might be termed. It so happened one morning that the writer and Private Alexander, of Company I, Eleventh Indiana, were stationed in one of these pits, the approach to which, owing to a slight rise, was under a cross-fire for several yards, and it is customary to give warning of the danger to soldiers unfamiliar with this particular exposure. One or the other was therefore generally on the watch for chance visitors, and "Stoop down!" which was often delivered with a bit of profanity attached, was a common salutation. The morning in question, Alexander was the first to discover two persons sauntering over the dangerous ground, while little flickers of dirt here and there showed that the watchful sharpshooters were on the alert. Without another. After the war broke out "Boss" Brunson joined the army and by 1863 had been made second lieutenant. In that year he was down at Chattanooga and was one day commanding a large detail of men who were unloading commissary goods. "Boss" was proud of his shoulder straps and ordered his men about with a pompous air, while his general bearing showed excessive vanity. Just at that time a special train read the depot and a number of officers alighted and stood on the platform. One of them, a short man, with a common blouse on, and with nothing about him to denote his rank, stopped for a minute or two intently watching the lieutenant working his men. Finally he approached him in an easy, quiet way, and giving the salute said, "Lieutenant, are you from Wisconsin?"

"Yes, sir, I am," answered "Boss," with a "Worker of Caneta. This art doing business in Wisconsin.

seed to be on his staff, went up to West sked, 'you are going to do much good with asked, 'you are going to do much good with the same time gas going to do much good with the same time gas work to their joint wouldn't stiffen men at work so their joint wouldn't stiff men at work so the joint wouldn't stiff m

caimed to beneve the man meant what he said. Mr. Thomas tried to convince the young deputy that it was his duty to enter the store even at the expense of breaking down the door, but "Boss" could not see it in that light.

Grant had watched the proceedings thus far quietly, without saying a word, but becoming impatient, he said to "Boss," "Mr. Deputy, if you are afraid to go into the building yourself, why don't you deputize some one to go in for you?"

"Well," answered "Boss," sharply, who felt keenly touched to have his courage doubted, "I will deputize you!"

Grant was quite stout in those days, and obeying the command of the officer, he stepped back from the store door some ten or twelve feet, and coming up to it with a rush, he planted his right foot near the lock and the door opened with a crash. Grant entered in an instant, seized the man who had the gun, and ordered him to go to work to help take down and box the goods, and in a short time they were removed to Galena. This is all there is about General Grant doing business in Wisconsin.

But this story would be imperfect without dan. And I believe that if our country ever comes into trial again young men will spring up equal to the occasion, and if one fails there will be another to take his place, just as there was if I had failed.—(Philadelphia speech, 1877.

Lincoln was incontestably the greatest man I ever knew. What marked him was his sincerity, his kindness, his clear insight into affairs, his firm will and clear policy. I always found him pre-eminently a cleanminded man. The darkest day of my life was that of Lincoln's assassination.—(Conversation.

was that of Lincoln's assassination.—[Conversation.

I always had an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark, I declined seeing the prince imperial. The first emperor had great genius, but was one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. I see no redeeming trait in his character. The third Napoleon was even worse, the especial enemy of America and liberty.—[Conversation.

I believe Porter to be as great an admiral as Lord Nelson. He was always ready for every emergency and every responsibility. The country has never done him the justice that history will do him. He has undoubted courage and genius.

It would have been a great thing for Porter if he had never been able to read and write.—[Conversation.

Stonewall Jackson was a courageous, energetic, deeply religious man, and a fine soldier, put it is guestionable whether his

onsin?"
"Yes, sir, I am," answered "Boss," with a oud voice accompanied by an oath,
"Then you live at Prairie du Chien, I be-"Yes, sir," replied "Boss." "I am from Prairie du Chien, but who are you?" General Grant modestly said. "My name is Grant."

Prairie du Chien, but who are you?"

General Grant modestly said. "My name is Grant."

For a moment the lieutenant stood in blank astonishment, and then exclaimed, "Great God, are you General Grant? Well, you command me now, but I commanded you once, and you knocked the door to has second."

GRANT'S MEMORABLE WORDS.

Noteworthy Aphorisms and Opinions of Men Whom He Has Met-Expressions Which Will Not Soon Be Forgotten.

Among many expressions by General Grant in his messages as president and in speeches during the same time and on other occasions, especially during his famous journey around the world, are to be found remarkable utterances which will be remembered long after the generation which witnesses his funeral has passed away. The following are selected from almost innumerable memorable expressions:

Let us have peace.—[First inaugural address.

I never had time.—[To an officer asking if he had ever feit fear on the battlefield.

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—[In the Wilderness, 1864.

1861, November 7-At Battle of Belmont. 1862, January 10-22-Armed reconnois-

1862, February 2-6-Operations against Fort Henry. 1862, February 13-16—Investment and capture of Fort Donelson. 1862, April 6-7—At Battle of Shiloh.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Chief Events in the Life of the Dead

General.

1822, April 27-Born at Point Pleasant, Clermont county, O. 1839, July 1-Admitted to West Point.

1843, July 1—Admitted to West Point.
1843, July 1—Assigned as brevet second lieutenant to Fourth Infantry.
1843-44—Served in garrison at Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

1844-45-On frontier duty at Natchitoches, La (Camp Salubrity). 1845, September 30—Promoted to second

lieutenancy.

1845-46—In military occupation of Texas.

1846, May 8—At battle of Palo Alto.

1846, May 9—At battle of Resaca de la

1846, September 21-23—At battle of Mon-

1847, March 9-29—At siege of Vera Cruz. 1847, April 17-18—At battle of Cerro Gordo.

1847, August 20-At capture of San An-1847. August 20-At battle of Cherubusco.

1847, September 8—At battle of Molino del Rey and breveted first lieutenant for

gallant and meritorious conduct.

1847, September 13—At the storming of

1847, September 13-14-At the assault and

capture of the City of Mexico. 1847, September 16—Promoted to first lieu-

tenancy. 1848, July 23—Retired as quartermaster of

1851-52-In garrison at Sackett's Harbor,

1852-In garrison at Columbus, N. Y., and

1852-53-On frontier duty at Columbia

1853, September 30-Retired as quarter-

1854, July 31-Resigned his commission in the army and removed to Gravois.

of Illinois volunteers.

1861, May to June 17—Assisting in organ-

1861, June 17-Made colonel Twenty-first

1861, June 17 to August 7-On march to

1861, August 7-17-In command of Iron-

1861, August 17-29—In command of Jeffer-

1861-62, September 1, '61 to February 17,

1861, September 7—Was rebuked for corresponding with Kentucky Legis-

at Cape Girardeau, Mo. 1861, September 6—Seized Paducah, Ky., his first military act of the war.

Illinois volunteers.

izing and mustering volunteers into

Quincy, Ill., and guarding Hannibal & St. Joseph railroad, Missouri.

'62—In command of the district of Southwesten Missouri, headquarters

lature relative to the advance of

sances and demonstrations at Columbus, Ky., and Fort Henry, Tenn.

1854-59—Farming near St. Louis, Mo. 1859-60-Real estate agent, St. Louis, Mo. 1860-61-In leather trade with father and brother at Galena, Ill. 1861, April-May-In command of a company

master Fourth Infantry, which posi-

tion he had held from September 11,

barracks and Fort Vancouver, Ore. 1853. August 5-Promoted to captaincy.

Bencia, Cal.

1854—At Fort Humboldt, Cal.

1849.

service.

ton. Mo.

Polk.

son city, Mo.

Chapultepec and breveted captain for gallant conduct.

Fourth Infantry, which position he had held from April 1, 1847. 1848-Married Julia T. Dent, eldest

daughter of Frederick Dent of St. 1848, 1849-In garrison at Sackett's Har-1849-51-In garrison at Detroit, Mich.

1862. March 5 to October 16-In command of district of West Tennessee. 1862, April 10, May 30-In advance upon and siege of Corinth.

1862. September 19-Commanded in person at battle of Iuka.

1863, May 1-At the battle of Port Gibson 1863, May 12-At the battle of Raymond. 1863, May 14-At the capture of Jackson,

1863. May 16-At the battle of Champion'

1863, May 17-At combat of the Big Black 1863, May 19-22-At assaults of Vicksburg 1863, May 22, July 4-At siege of Vicks burg, resulting in its unconditional

surrender. 1863, July 4-Appointed Major-General United States Army.

1863, August 23, September 2-On tour of inspection from Cairo, Ill., to Nat 1863, October 23 to November 23-Engaged

in defence of and operations about Chattanooga. 1863, November 23-25—At battle of Chat tanooga. 1863, November 26-27—Engaged in pursuit

of enemy, with large captures of prisoners. 1863, December 17—Received thanks of

Congress and a gold medal.

1864. March 2—Appointed lieutenant-general United States army.

1864, March 10—Assigned command of all

the armies by special order of President Lincoln. 1864, May 5, 6—In direct command of all forces engaged in battle of the Wil-

derness. 1864, May 8-21—In battles about Spottsylvania. 1864, May 21-25—In battles of North Anna

1864, May 28-29—In battle of Tolopotomy. 1864, May 30—In battle of Bethesda Church. 1864, June 1-13-In battles of Cold Harbor. 1864. June 16-18-In assaults on Petersburg.

1864-65, June 18, '64, to April 3, '65-In op erations about Petersburg and siege of place. 1865, April 3-9-In pursuit of Confederate army. 1865, April 6—In battle of Sailors' Creek.

1865. April 9-Received capitulation of General Lee, at Appomattox Court 1866, July 25-Appointed general United

States army. 1867, August 12-Appointed secretary of war ad interim. 1868, May 2-Nominated for president by

Republican National Convention. 1869. March 4-Was inaugurated president (first term).

1873, March 4—Was inaugurated president for a second term. 1877, March 4-Retired from presidential

1877, May 17—Sailed from Philadelphia on chair.

steamer Magenta for tour around the 1879, September 20-Reached San Fran

cisco, Cal., on his return. 1885, July 23—Died at Mount McGregor,

N. Y., at 8.09 a. m. 1885, August 8—Buried at Riverside Park,

Horatio Seymour has written the following letter of tribute:

Horatio Seymour has written the following letter of tribute:

CAZENOVIA, August 6, 1885.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry my absence from home puts it out of my power to attend and address the meeting of the citizens of Utica to express their sentiments with regard to the character and services of General Grant. I enjoyed a pleasant intercourse with him and held him in high regard. In addition to his distinguished military services he had other claims on the gratitude of his countrymen. Throughout his brilliant career he preserved the simplicity of habits and sentiments which is ever characteristic of greatness. He was never bewildered by his great achievements or overcome by his brilliant success. He will live in the history of his country not only on account of his deeds on battle fields, but also for his thoughtful utt-rances and his kindly words with regard to all sections of our land. He served his country as well upon his death-bed as on the fields of war. His words will am urinon. There has never been an exhibition of popular feeling which gives us more confidence in the future of our Umon than the expressions with regard to the death of General Grant in all sections of the hand and by the members of all parties. To all thoughtful citizens this exhibition of general regard and respect does much to encourage the hope that sectional passions and prejudice are dying out. His words at the close of his life have done much to bring about this happy change of feeling and sentiment. Respectfully yours, etc.

(Kird)